THE

POETICAL TELL-TALE;

OR,

MUSES in MERRY STORY.

BY

PRIOR,	PARNELL,
POPE,	WESLEY,
GAY,	FONTAINE,
SWIFT,	

And other celebrated POETS, both French and Engliſh.

——————*Theſe*
Can never fail to pleaſe. Addiſon.

Life's like a Tale that is told. King David.

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M.N.H.

PREFACE.

THE Editor of theſe Papers has no Merit to boaſt from the preſent Publication, for he has only preſented the Reader with the Diſpenſatory of a Man many Years ſubject to the *Hyp*, and other Diſorders bordering upon Infanity; who generally in the Paroxyſm had Recourſe to theſe Cordials, from which he found inſtant Relief, and with Gratitude acknowledged their ſalutary Effects. In a Family, where they were depoſited after his Deceaſe, the ſame Medicines were apply'd for a very different and indeed oppoſite Purpoſe; I mean that of allaying the turbulent Paſſion of Anger, and ſoothing the firſt Inclinations to Revenge; and here it had the good Fortune amazingly to ſucceed, whence it became generally apply'd in ſimilar Caſes, and with ſuch Succeſs, that I know ſeveral Families, heretofore extremely miſerable, that are now made altogether as happy by Means of theſe Cordials.

In *Lowſpiritedneſs*, let the Patient abandon all ſtrong Liquors (the uſual Remedy applied to) for they are deſtructive: They are only Paliatives, and ſtem that Torrent for a ſhort Time, which will afterwards break out with double Violence, and bear down all before it. Let the Patient therefore riſe in the Morning early, take one of theſe Doſes, uſe moderate Exerciſe, dine upon Food that is eaſy of Digeſtion, doſe again, more Exerciſe, drink but little, make a light Supper, doſe again, laugh heartily, and go to bed ſoon.

All accurate Anatomiſts know that the Actions of the Mind, when in a Paſſion, are like that of a Syphon, or Pump; the firſt Efforts are languid, and have little Effect, but if the Strokes are reite-

rated the Ebulition increaſes, the Water reſurges with greater Violence, and the Stream rolls on with Impetuoſity; but if the Action be ſuſpended awhile, the Waters will ſubſide, the Valves cloſe up, and all be calm and ſerene, as if no external Force had been applied; ſo fares it with the Mind, and ſo far this is a juſt Similie: Our Paſſions are generally awaken'd by Degrees, and are raiſed to the Height only by Means of Oppoſition; for place a Man in a Paſſion where there is no one to reply, and the Perturbation will ſubſide, and decreaſe like a Storm when there is no more Wind to feed its Fury.

Hence appears the extreme Uſefulneſs of this Diſpenſatory, which, like a Brick-Wall placed between two Combatants, infallibly prevents Miſchief.——But why all theſe Similitudes? You'll ſay, Why, becauſe Similies are in Seaſon, and every Author ſhou'd imitate his Betters.

If a Man in Company ſhou'd be taken with a Fit of Paſſion, read one of theſe Leſſons before you give him an Anſwer, and let him read another before he makes a Reply, and your Diſputes will be ended without the Lawyer. This Effect it has had even between Man and Wife, and kept many turbulent Tempers in Tune. Since this Method was invented, many of my Neighbours are become quite different People; and 'tis known to be ſo certain a Specifick, that whenever old *Noiſy* (another Name for *Law---ce*) begins to foam at Mouth his Wife immediately calls out, *Sarah bring the Book!*

The

The PIG. A Tale.

SOME husbands, on a winter day,
Were met to laugh their spleen away;
As wine flows in, and spirits rise,
They praise their consorts to the skies.
Obedient wives are seldom known,
Yet all could answer for their own;
Acknowledg'd each as sovereign lord
Abroad, at home, in deed, and Word;
In short, as absolute their reign, as
Grand seignior's over his sultannas.
For pride, or shame to be out done,
All join'd in the discourse but one;
Who, vex'd so many lies to hear,
Thus stops their arrogant career:
'Tis mighty strange, sirs, what you say,
What! all so absolutely sway?
In England, where Italians wise
Have plac'd the woman's paradise:
In London, where the sexes flower
Have of that Eden fix'd the bower.
Fie! men of sense to be so vain;
You're not in Turkey, nor in Spain.
True Britons all! I'll lay my life
None here is master of his wife.
These words the general fury rouze,
And all the common cause espouse;

Till one, with voice ſuperior, ſaid,
(Whoſe lungs were ſounder than his head)
I'll ſend my footman inſtant home,
To bid his miſtreſs hither come;
And if ſhe flies not at my call,
To own my power before you all,
I'll grant I'm hen peck'd, if you pleaſe,
As Sh——k, or as Socrates.
Hold there—replies the objector fly,
Prove firſt that women never lie;
Elſe, words are wind—to tell you true,
I credit neither them nor you.
No, we'll be judg'd a ſurer way,
By what they do, not what they ſay.
I'll hold you ſeverally that boaſt
A ſupper at the loſer's coſt,
That if you'll but vouchſafe to try
A trick I'll tell you by and by:
Send ſtrait for every wife, quite round,
One mother's daughter is not found,
But what, before her huſband's face,
Point-blank his orders diſobeys.
To this, they one and all conſent,
The wager's laid, the ſummons went.
Mean while he this inſtruction gives;
Pray only gravely tell your wives,
Your will and pleaſure is t' invite
Theſe friends to a boil'd pig to-night.
The commoner the trick has been,
The greater chance have you to win:
The treat is mine, if they refuſe;
But if they boil it, then I loſe.

The firſt, to whom the meſſage came,
Was a well born and haughty dame;
A ſaucy independent ſhe,
With jointure, and with pin-money,
Secur'd by marriage-deeds from wants,
Without a ſeparate maintenance.
Her loftineſs diſdain'd to hear
Half thro' her huſband's meſſenger,
But cut him ſhort with—how dare he
'Mong pot companions mention me?
He knows his way (if ſober) home,
And if he wants me, let him come—.
This anſwer, haſtily return'd,
Pleas'd all, but him whom it concern'd;
For each one thought his wife, on tryal,
Would brighter ſhine by this denial.
The ſecond, was a lady gay,
Who lov'd to viſit, dreſs, and play,
To ſpark it in the box or ring,
And dance at birth-nights for the king:
Whoſe head was buſy wont to be,
With ſomething elſe than cookery.
She hearing of her huſband's name,
Tho' much a gentlewoman, came;
When half inform'd of his requeſt,
A diſh, as he deſir'd it, dreſt.
Quoth madam, with a ſerious face,
(Without enquiring what it was)
You can't ſure for an anſwer look;
Sir, do you take me for your cook?
But I muſt haſte a friend to ſee,
Who ſtays my coming for her tea.

So ſaid, that minute out ſhe flew;
What could the ſlighted huſband do?
His wager loſt, muſt needs appear;
For none obey that will not hear.
The next, for houſewifry renown'd,
A woman notable was own'd;
Who hated idleneſs and airs,
And minded family affairs:
Expert in every thing was ſhe,
At needle-work, or ſurgery:
Fam'd for her liquors far and near,
From richeſt cordials to ſmall beer:
To ſerve a feaſt, ſhe underſtood,
In Engliſh, or in foreign mode;
Whate'er the wanton taſte could chuſe,
In kickſhaws, ſauces, or ragoos:
She ſpar'd for neither coſt nor pain,
Her welcome gueſt to entertain.
Her huſband fair accoſts her thus:
To-night theſe friends will ſup with us.
She anſwer'd with a ſmile, my dear,
Your friends are always welcome here.
—But we deſire a pig, and pray,
You'll boil it;—boil it, did you ſay?
I hope you'll give me leave to know
My buſineſs better, ſir, than ſo:
Why ne'er in any book was yet
Found ſuch a whimſical receipt:
My dreſſing none need be afraid of,
But ſuch a diſh was never heard of.
I'll roaſt it nice, but ſhall not boil it,
Let thoſe who know no better, ſpoil it.

—Her huſband cry'd, for all my boaſt,
I own the wager's fairly loſt:
And other wives, beſides my love,
Or I'm miſtaken much, may prove
As chargeable as this to me,
To ſhew their pride in houſewifry.
Now the poor wretch that next him ſat,
Felt his own heart go pit-a-pat:
For well he knew his ſpouſe's way,
Her ſpirit brook'd not to obey;
And never yet was in the wrong—
He told her, with a trembling tongue,
Where, and on what, his friends would feaſt,
And how the dainty ſhould be dreſt.
—To-night, quoth (in a paſſion) ſhe?
No, ſir, to-night it cannot be:
And was it a boil'd pig you ſaid?
You and your friends ſure are not mad.
The kitchen is the proper ſphere,
Where none but females ſhould appear;
And cooks their orders, by your leave,
Always from miſtreſſes receive.
Boil it!—was ever ſuch an aſs?
I pray, what would you have for ſauce?
If any ſervant in my pay
Dare dreſs a pig that ſilly way,
In ſpite of any whim of yours,
I'll turn her quickly out of doors.
For ſuch a thing, (nay never frown)
Where I am miſtreſs, ſhall be done.
Each woman wiſe her huſband rules;
Paſſive obedience is for fools.

This caſe was quickly judg'd; behold!
A fair one of a ſofter mold;
Good humour ſparkled in her eye,
And unaffected pleaſantry:
So mild and ſweet ſhe enter'd in
Her ſpouſe thought certainly to win:
(Pity ſuch golden hopes ſhould fail)
Soon as ſhe heard th' appointed tale.
My dear, I know not, I proteſt,
Whether in earneſt, or in jeſt,
So ſtrange a ſupper you demand;
Howe'er I'll not diſputing ſtand,
But do it freely as you bid it,
Prove but that ever woman did it.
—This cauſe, by general conſent,
Was loſt for want of precedent.
Thus each deny'd a ſeveral way;
But all agreed to diſobey.
One only dame did yet remain,
Who down-right honeſt was, and plain;
If now and then her voice ſhe tries,
'Tis not for rule, but exerciſe.
Unus'd her lord's commands to ſlight,
Yet ſometimes pleading for the right.
She made her little wiſdom go,
Farther than wiſer women do.
Her huſband tells her, looking grave,
A roaſting pig, I boil'd would have;
And to prevent all pro and con,
I muſt inſiſt to have it done.
Says ſhe, my deareſt, ſhould your wife,
Get a nick-name to laſt for life?

If you reſolve to ſpoil it, do?
But then I hope you'll eat it too:
For, tho' 'tis boil'd to hinder ſquabble,
I ſhall not, will not, ſit at table.
She ſpoke, and her good man alone
Found he had neither loſt nor won;
So fairly parted ſtakes: the reſt
Fell on the wag that caus'd the jeſt;
"Would your wife boil it, let us ſee."
Hold there, you did not lay with me:
You'll find, in ſpite of all you've boaſted,
Your pigs are fatted to be roaſted.
The wager's loſt, no more contend,
But take this counſel from a friend:
Boaſt not your empire, if you prize it;
For happieſt he, who never tries it.
When unprovok'd wives beſt obey,
And that you'll find the ſafeſt way:
But if your dear once takes the field,
Reſolve at firſt to win or yield;
For heaven no medium ever gave,
Between a ſovereign and a ſlave.

CUPID turn'd THIEF. A TALE.

In IMITATION of

The 20th Idyllion of THEOCRITUS.

CUPID, the arrant'ſt knave alive,
Stole from mamma to rob a hive;
As ſoon as he the prize had took,
With merry laugh his ſides he ſhook;
The honey-comb, in frolick vein,
He ſuck'd—then laugh'd—then ſuck'd again—
—But pleaſure oft is mix'd with woe,
And grief will after bliſſes flow.
A bee enrag'd, the thief to brand,
Fix'd his keen ſting upon his hand;
Strait he began to ſtamp and roar—
—His finger throb'd—he ſtamp'd the more—
And like a little trooper ſwore.
When he found nothing could aſſwage
The torture of its burning rage;
All ſwell'd his eyes, all ſmear'd his cheeks,
With tears which trickled down in ſtreaks;
Blubb'ring he to his mamma run,
Cry'd—mam—mamma—you've loſt your ſon:
Held his ſwell'd finger up to move her,
And ſobbing told his ſtory over:
But 'midſt his ſobbings would complain,
That ſuch a thing, ſo ſmall, ſo vain,
Shou'd have the pow'r to give ſuch pain.

VENUS,

VENUS, ſoft ſmiling at his tale,
His finger buſs'd, and all was well:
Then added; you, ſir,—you yourſelf
Are like that bee, a tiny elf,
A little buſy flutt'ring thing,
Unhapp'ly arm'd with pointed ſting;
And tho' you ſuch an urchin are,
Can give a wound which none can bear.

A TALE of the TRAVELLERS.

A Good repute, a virtuous name,
Philoſophers ſet forth
As the unerring path to fame,
If fame conſiſts in worth.
This precious ointment, gently ſhed,
O'er mental ill prevails;
And where the fragrant med'cine ſpread
It animates and heals.
Yet hard it is to uſe it right,
Tho' beautiful to view,
It ſhines diſtinguiſhingly bright,
How tranſitory too!
Like glaſs it glitters, ſoon 'tis crackt,
Irreparably frail;
All moraliſts allow the fact,
So I apply the tale.
When things inanimate cou'd ſpeak,
FIRE once agreed with WATER,
A friendly jant one day to take,
But where, 'tis no great matter.

It happen'd, that the day before
Each left their different ſtation,
They choſe a third, worth twenty more,
And that was REPUTATION.
The three companions now reflect,
If chance ſhou'd once divide 'em,
How each their letters might direct,
Or who ſhou'd ſureſt guide 'em.
Says WATER,—friends, you'll hear my name,
Tho' loſt upon a mountain;
Enquire at any murmuring ſtream,
Or ſeek me in a fountain:
Sometimes from deep caſcades I pour,
Thro' meadows gently glide;
I drop a dew, deſcend a ſhower,
Or thunder in a tide:
Where marſhes ſtagnate, bogs extend,
Green reeds and turfy ſods
Direct a path to meet your friend;
A path the bull-ruſh nods.
Your reſtleſs make, quoth FIRE, I know,
Juſt like your parent ocean:
I love to rove as well as you,
My life conſiſts in Motion.
In poets all my marks you'll ſee,
Since ſmoak and flaſh reveal me;
Suſpect me always near NAT. LEE,
E'en BLACKMORE can't conceal me.
In MILTON's page I glow, by art,
One flame intenſe and even:
In SHAKESPEAR's blaze, a ſudden ſtart,
Like light'ning flaſh'd from heaven.

In

In many more, as well as they,
Thro' various forms I ſhift;
I'm gently lambent while a GAY,
But brighteſt when a SWIFT.
From ſmoak ſure tidings you may get,
It can't ſubſiſt without me;
Or find me, like ſome fond coquet,
With fifty ſparks about me.
The beſt of ſlaves I'm call'd by men,
When bound in proper durance;
But if I once do miſchief, then
I'm heard of at th' Inſurance.
Alas! poor REPUTATION cry'd,
How happy in each other!
Such ſignal marks muſt ſurely guide
Each ſtraggler to his brother.
'Tis I alone muſt be undone,
Such ill has fate deſign'd me;
If I be loſt, 'tis ten to one
You never more will find me.

THE LOVER's DILEMMA.

A TALE.

Humbly inſcrib'd to the WORSHIPFUL SOCIETY of OLD BATCHELORS, at the ***** in ****.

STILL croſt in love, and vex'd with ſpleen,
Thus MOMUS vented his chagrin:
And o'er a cup of fulſome ale,
Told all his club this odious tale.
'Truth ſeldom needs the help of art;
'Tis beſt, when bolted from the heart.
The man, too delicate and nice,
But rarely gives ye ſound advice:
Then let the following tale commend
An honeſt unrefining friend.
CLODIO two pretty nymphs had courted,
And now with one—now t'other ſported;
Had vow'd, proteſted, ſwore, and ly'd,
With all the common forms beſide.
Love grows apace!——for both are won,
And ſomething quickly muſt be done.
Poor CLODY ſaw the criſis near,
He ſaw—but knew not how to ſteer.
——Small judgment to direct his fancy——
For PEG was fair as well as NANCY;
And ſcarce a grain in either ſcale
To make this ſide—or that prevail.

' How uſeful is a friend indeed,
' To help one out in time of need!
' —Such CLODIO had—a friend in college—
' A fellow—yet a man of knowledge!
' But ſince he does not covet fame,
' 'Tis no great matter for his name.
' Deep learn'd he was in antique lore,
' Had read the caſuiſts all o'er;
' Was vers'd in Ariſtotle's rules,
' And all the mazes of the ſchools:
' Nay—(having often—ſince his youth,
' Spy'd falſhood dreſt in modes of truth)
' He knew—as in the cloſe you'll find—
' The real worth of womankind.
' To him in haſte young CLODY hies,
' And thus accoſts him for advice.
" Two girls there are of honeſt fame,
" (And here he told each fair one's name)
" Of equal beauty, equal ſpirit;
" And faith! to me—of equal merit.
" I know no difference—I vow,
" But—that PEG's richer by a cow.
" Now, ſir, I own I've courted both;
" Yet—thinking ſoon to plight my troth,
" And ſince the chuſing of a wife
" Is certain weal, or woe for life,
" Methinks I'd make a prudent choice,
" And fain be govern'd by your voice.
" Good ſir! aſſiſt me to decide
" Which I had beſt to make my bride."
The matter had ſo little in it,
The ſage was ready in a minute.

" Ideot!

" Ideot!—quoth he—it makes me mad
" To ſee ſo ignorant a lad!
" What folly has poſſeſs'd thy mind!
" I never thought thou wert ſo blind.
" Amongſt the ſex—thou ſilly gooſe,
" Truſt me—there's not a cow to chooſe."

THE FOOLISH INQUIRY.

A TALE.

LET him who takes a beauty to his arms,
Like her not worſe, if all admire her charms.
The wretch who does a haggard beldam wed,
In hopes to reign unrivall'd in his bed,
Is like the niggard, who provides ſuch meat
Himſelf abhors, that others may not eat.
JOSLIN, a hind of matrimonial make,
Did ſmiling SALLY for his help-meat take.
The fields his toil and pleaſure, her's the houſe;
The flocks his care, and her's to milk the cows.
Equal their labours, equally they lov'd;
That both were pleas'd, their mutual fondneſs prov'd.
One gloomy day, he, mowing his rough face,
Studious ſurvey'd each feature in the glaſs.
This beetle brow (he ſaid) can SALLY like?
This length of chin ſo nice a damſel ſtrike?
Can ſhe be true to ſuch a ſwain as me?
Fair, and yet chaſte? oh! it can never be.

Chaſt

Curſt jealouſy, the bane of nuptial joys,
Like nut-bred maggots, the ſweet fruit deſtroys.
Frantick, at laſt, he to his SALLY goes,
And does his agonizing fears diſcloſe.
Haſt thou been falſe, (he cry'd) the truth declare;
I'd rather know the worſt of truths than fear:
I from my ſoul forgive—dear SALLY ſpeak.
Thus urg'd, the fair with tears did ſilence break:
Once, deareſt, ('twas but once, and for thy ſake)
I did the matrimonial contract break.
The handſome 'ſquire (you to the fair was gone)
A viſit made, and found me all alone:
Smooth was his tongue, and he, for conqueſt dreſt,
My trembling lips with eager kiſſes preſt.
Kiſſes, nor dreſs, nor his ſmooth tongue could move
My faithful heart to deeds of lawleſs love.
Repuls'd, he ſaid—ſince courtſhip cannot gain
A favour, may be ſpar'd—I muſt diſtrain—
Sighs heav'd my breaſt, I wept—No need of tears:
Pay me with love, and cancel all arrears——
Strong the temptation, and our ſex is frail;
Yet intereſt did, not wantonneſs, prevail.
Shou'd he (I thought) diſmantle our ſweet farm!
Pleaſure, once ſtol'n, wou'd leſs my JOSLIN harm:
Forgive your SALLY then, and ne'er upbraid;
Here's the receipt in full; our rent is paid.
Penſive he mus'd on what his SALLY ſaid,
And to himſelf this wiſe reflection made:
Suſpicions none but marry'd fools perplex,
Who curious ſearch for what, when known, will vex.
SANCHO, his brother, choſe an ugly elf,
Frightful to others, hated by himſelf.

Cou'd

Cou'd jealouſy poſſeſs a man ſo wiv'd?
And yet this wretch his HECATISSA ſhriv'd.
Tell me, but tell me true, haſt kept thy vows?
Or dignify'd thy lawful huſband's brows?
His crooked rib reply'd—ſome for delight
Their worthleſs huſbands dub, and ſome for ſpite.
I knew thee wicked, for thy ſoul I fear'd;
That cuckolds go to heav'n, oft have I heard:
So aſk'd a hundred, but no one cou'd find
Till Tom the tinker came, wou'd be ſo kind.
Nor wou'd my paſſion the coy rogue relieve,
Unleſs our old braſs kettle I wou'd give.
Regret not, what's decreed, ye ſons of earth;
The ram, or bull, preſided at your birth.
Fated to horns—but here the difference lies,
Fair SALLY ſells, what HECATISSA buys.

KISS for KISS. A Tale.

AS COLIN ſaunter'd with his bride,
A rural 'ſquire the couple ſpied;
When tripping to 'em, COL, ſays he,
This beauty thine? it ne'er can be.
Troth! but ſhe is, cries lubber-lout;
Then, quo' his worſhip, turn about,
And let me kiſs her damaſk lip:
I muſt, I will——but juſt a ſip.
When I am married, here's my hand,
A kiſs ſhall be at thy command,
Nay, an 'tis ſo, cries honeſt COL,
You're welcome, ſure, to buſs our DOLL.

The 'ſquire his eager lips applies ;
Quick to her cheeks the colour flies :——
" Thank ye, ſweet ſir,"——away ſhe hies.
But now his worſhip, folks declare,
Is married to a beauteous fair.
Briſk COLIN haſtes; he ſees the 'ſquire;
The lady comes ; his heart's on fire.
Quoth COL, and grins,—good zir, I wot,
You have not yet your word forgot.
No, no :——why then I'll kiſs the dame :
He ſmuggles 'till ſhe cries—for ſhame.
The clown retires with awkard bow ;
A worthy gentleman, I trow :
But when our DOLLY's lips he preſs'd,
I wiſh he'd carried on the jeſt ;
For had they ſlipt between the ſheets,
O ! I had taſted honey ſweets !

THE
LOOKING-GLASS.

POOR STREPHON's aſpect, and his air,
When young would captivate the fair ;
And often looking in his glaſs,
Narciſſus-like, he lov'd his face.
The glaſs was true, which made him glad,
For STREPHON was a comely lad.
Now STREPHON's fifty years and more,
Declining quickly to three-ſcore ;
And at that age his bloom decay'd,
When wrinkles and gray hairs invade ;

His glaſs ſtill true, ſincerely told,
To STREPHON's grief, that he was old.
Quoth he, my darling looking-glaſs,
All tranſitory things muſt paſs;
The faithful with the faithleſs go,
The gods and I will have it ſo;
And yet thy doom is moſt undue,
Pronounc'd above, for being true.
This ſaid, he quickly lifted high
The glaſs, in which he fix'd his eye;
And ſtill diſpleas'd the change to ſee
Twixt twenty-one and fifty-three,
Adieu! (he cries) old friends at length muſt part,
For if I break not thee, thou break'ſt my heart.

THE
CHILD BIRTH: A TALE.

In the Manner of GAY.

THE doleful dumps I ſing, and tearful woes,
Of MARIAN teeming with unlawful throes:
The ſheeneſt laſs in Berkſhire was ſhe known,
Of all that butter ſell to Reading town:
Not the ſev'n ſiſters could o'er her prevail.
The golden farmer's daughters of the vale,
Tho' every Oxford muſe their charms has ſung,
And graveſt doctors * join'd the tuneful throng.

* The Rev. Dr. WILKES wrote a poem upon them.

Ye

Ye peers! who careleſs of ambition, chuſe
To court the labours of the paſt'ral muſe;
And all the wond'rous bards who try the lay,
Where black Cam rolls, or Iſis' eddies play,
Aſſiſt the labours of an humble ſwain,
Rude to the pipe, and novice on the plain.

Nine months ſucceſſive now had rolled round
Since MARIAN firſt the pleaſing miſchief found;
In vain her hands had cull'd th' abortive weed,
Nor aught avail'd the 'pothecary's aid:
Her womb began with fatal ſize to ſwell,
And ſick'ning qualms the bluſhful ſecret tell:
Then all in ſad deſpair ſhe made her moan,
Lodona's waters echoed groan for groan.
" Ah! faithleſs COLIN CLOUT! ah, luckleſs I!
" And canſt thou, cruel! from thy MARIAN fly?
" How often haſt thou ſuck'd my panting breath?
" How often ſwore to love me true till death?
" But to the Juſtice I'll reveal my plight,
" And with a conſtable purſue thy flight.
" ———Ah! how unequal, as our parſon preaches,
" Are this world's goods! and ſure he rightly
" teaches;
" For what to maidens brings eternal ſtain,
" (Sad management) gives honour to the ſwain.
" 'Twas on the blitheſt morn of all the year,
" When new-born May bids ev'ry ſhepherd chear:
" When artful maids their rival fancies ſhow,
" And well-wrought garlands bloom on every bough;
" When gaudy fairs beſpangle ev'ry ſtreet,
" And lowing cows the novel paſture greet;

" Freſh roſe I, MARIAN hight, from ruſtic bed,
" The morning dream ſtill hov'ring o'er my head;
" Gay ſhews and ſweethearts had employ'd my
" thought,
" The kiſs imprinted, and the fairing bought!
" From lavender I drew the tucker'd ſmock,
" And hoſen boaſtful of a various clock;
" The ſilver'd knot well ſcollop'd on my head,
" And donn'd the ſunday gown berob'd with red.
" Thus all bedight, and ready for the fair,
" I ſat impatient with a wiſtful air,
" Expecting COLIN CLOUT, my perjur'd ſwain,
" Who always follow'd MARIAN on the plain:
" With him the moon-light walk I us'd to tread,
" With him I danc'd upon the ſportive mead;
" That very morn had taught the ſnails to crawl,
" And print myſterious letters on the wall.
" At length he came, and I with joyous meed
" Mounted behind him on the pillion'd ſteed:
" Sweetly I ſung, he whiſtled to the lay,
" Sweetly I ſung the ſong, and ſung the day:
" *What beauteous ſcenes* began the tuneful tale!
" And next I humm'd *the ſweets of Arno's vale*;
" Then MOLLY MOGG, fair damſel of the roſe,
" And *lovely* PEGGY, toaſt of London beaux.
" And now in view gay Reading ſtrikes our eyes,
" And all the dainties of the fair ariſe:
" Here * Birmingham its boaſted ware diſplays,
" There leather breeches hight, and bodice ſtays;

* A town famous for working in ſteel.

" Here

" Here poſied garters flutter'd in the way,
" There painted hobby-horſes ſeem to neigh;
" Here belles in ginger-bread, all gilded over,
" And little gew-gaw H———ys act the lover.
" Shepherds and nymphs from every part repair,
" All who on Oxford hills direct the ſhear,
" Who fell the foreſt, or who mow the mead,
" Or drag in little boats the finny breed:
" Her wide-mouth'd ſons low-ſeated Henley ſends,
" And ſmoky Okingham it's tribute lends.
" But far did MARIAN all the reſt outvie,
" No cheek ſo ruddy, nor ſo black an eye;
" Scarce DOLLY C——K, the daughter of the may'r,
" With all the flaxen ringlets of her hair,
" With all the ſnowy fulneſs of her breaſt,
" In blithſome features might with me conteſt.
" All youths ambitiouſly around me ſtrove,
" Each gave ſome choſen emblem of his love;
" One queintly bought the garters for my thighs,
" While ſimple archneſs ſparkled in his eyes.
" But all their fairings unſucceſsful prove,
" Still true to COLIN CLOUT I held my love.
" ——Ah! fly deceiver! you enclaſp'd my arm,
" And ſeem'd my ſaviour, while you meant my
" harm;
" Far too unequal was the high reward,
" My maidenhead muſt pay thee for thy guard;
" Already warm'd with joy you win my heart,
" And ſtamp a little COLIN e'er we part.
" —Yet now, when nature fills my womb, to fly—
" Nor yet one tear to iſſue from thine eye—

" My ſlighted love to quick reſentment turns;
" Lo my blood riſes, and my cheek all burns!
" O I could tear thee as I tear this glove—
" Go, horrid monſter! I deſpiſe thy love,
" Thy oaths I quit, thy fairings I reſign,
" Forget, renounce thee, hate whate'er was thine.
" * No chriſtian mother bound thy infant head,
" Some Turk begat thee, or ſome Papiſt bred;
" Or dropt on Cambrian hills, a ſquallid brat,
" Some ſhe-goat ſuckled thee with ſavage teat.
" † —Go to thy drab, whoe'er has won thy heart,
" And may the pox devouring make thee ſmart;
" ‡ My vengeful ghoſt ſhall haunt thee o'er the plain,
" Yes, thou ſhalt ſuffer, villain, for my pain.
" —But ah! my rage relents, my ſorrow flows;
" Come COLIN! faithleſs ſhepherd! eaſe my woes.
" And muſt I in the ſheet opprobrious ſtand?
" Thy plight is troth'd, ah! come and give thy hand:
" My conſcience ſtarts, whene'er I hear a knell,
" And is a little love deſerving hell?
" Too hard a penance for a ſin ſo ſlight!
" Ah! how my heart miſgives me every night!
" When ſleep has clos'd my ſorrow-ſtreaming eyes,
" Then ghaſtly dreams, and hateful thoughts ariſe:

* *Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor,*
Perfide, ſed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucaſus, Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera tigres.

† *I, ſequere Italiam ventis, &c.*
Spero equidem mediis, ſiquid pia numina, &c.

‡ *Omnibus umbra locis adero, dabis, improbe, pœnas.*
Æn. 4.

" * All

" * All unaccompany'd methinks I go
" O'er Iriſh bogs, a wilderneſs of woe!
" Ah! my wits turn! ſtrange phantoms round me
" fly!
" Lo! I am chang'd into a gooſb'ry pye!
" Forbear to eat me up, inhuman rabble!
" Cocks crow, ducks quake, hens cackle, turkies
" gabble.

Thus as ſhe rav'd, her womb with rueful throes
Did to the light a luſty babe diſcloſe:
Long while ſhe doubted of the ſmirking boy,
Or on her knee to dandle, or deſtroy;
Love prompted her to ſave, and Pride to drown,
At length Pride conquer'd, and ſhe dropt her ſon.

* —*Semperque relinqui*
Sola ſibi ſemper longam incommitata *videtur*
Ire viam, & Tyrios deſerta quærere terra.
Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus, &c.
Æn. 4.

ACTÆON. A TALE.

Mutato nomine, de te Fabula narratur. HOR.

ACTÆON (as old ſtories ſhew)
Kept hounds, as our poor ſportſmen do,
Delighted in the wily grove,
Nor envied he imperial JOVE:
But once tranſported in a chace,
(You muſt not mind what OVID ſays)

Pleas'd with the muſick of his hounds,
Amidſt his raptures, cries G—d Z——ds:
Not JOVE, with his Pierian pack,
Can half ſuch charming diſcord make.
The God enraged that any he
Shou'd thus debaſe his harmony,
Cries, ſure, I'll end this mortal's days,
And thus he perfects what he ſays.
The careleſs ſportſman chance to ſteer
His courſe, indeed, he knew not where;
(Such was the will of mighty JOVE)
At laſt he ſtray'd into a grove,
Where the bright goddeſs of the wood,
With all her nymphs around her ſtood;
Whilſt each, officious in her place,
Wip'd off the labours of the chace.
'Twas there the wond'ring mortal view'd,
And grew a wonder as he ſtood:
In ſhort, (leſt longer verſe ſhou'd flag)
The man was turn'd into a ſtag;
But if my word is not rely'd on,
See OVID, or our OVID—DRYDEN.
There you will find his ſafety flown,
Infectious to himſelf he's grown;
And by thoſe hounds, is now purſu'd,
He once with ſo much pleaſure view'd:
The fatal breath he leaves behind,
They catch juſt dancing in the wind,
And as the diſtant plain they ſcour,
Eager the well known ſcent devour:

Unhappy

Unhappy ſtate! that common breath
Which gives us life, ſhou'd give him death;
From ev'ry motion death muſt flow,
To breathe, or not to breathe, is ſo.
With trembling haſte ACTÆON flew,
With haſte the ſnuffing pack purſue:
Nor fear, nor ſpeed, cou'd aught avail,
And ſo to end my chaſe and tale,
What to his honour much rebounds,
He died a victim to his hounds.
The moral of my tale will tell us
How often fall ſuch gallant fellows;
Hark—forward—is their conſtant cry,
Backward they never caſt an eye.
Here, OVID, here, without thy fancy,
Actæons now we daily can ſee,
Strangely bereft of human nature,
Quite chang'd into a beaſtly creature,
Exceeding far all prudent bounds,
Devour'd at laſt too by their hounds.
Moſt frequent now, before our eyes,
A freſh ACTÆON yearly dies.
The 'ſquire, ſir, ſo decay'd is grown,
He drinks his ale with farmer JOHN.
Pray—why?—'twas dogs that brought him down.
The knight, (a lover of the ſport)
Is now reduc'd to humble port,
Expenſive hounds will ſoon devour him,
Juſt as they did this wretch before him.

THE

THE DISAPPOINTED MILK-MAID.

In medio tutiſſimus ibis.

HOW poorly your Projectors fair,
That build their caſtles in the air!
Still tow'ring on from ſcheme to ſcheme,
They top OLYMPUS in a dream:
But waking, find (nineteen i'th ſcore)
Themſelves far lower than before.
Of this the inſtances are many,
And this will ſerve as well as any.
It happen'd on a Summer's day,
A country laſs as freſh as May,
Deck'd in a wholeſome ruſſet gown,
Was going to next market town.
So blith her looks, ſo ſimply clean,
You'd take her for a May-day queen,
Save, 'ſtead of garland (ſays my tale)
Her head bore Brindy's loaded pail.
As on her way ſhe paſs'd along,
She hum'd the fragments of a ſong:
She did not hum for want of thought,
Quite pleas'd with what to ſale ſhe brought;
And reckon'd by her own account,
When all was ſold, the whole amount.
Thus ſhe——In time, this little ware
May turn to great account with care.

My

My milk being ſold for—ſo and ſo,
I'll buy ſome eggs as markets go,
And ſet them——At the time I fix
Theſe eggs will bring as many chicks;
I'll ſpare no pains to feed them well,
They'll bring vaſt profit when they ſell:
With this, I'll buy a little pig,
And when 'tis grown up fat and big,
I'll ſell it, whether boar or ſow,
And with the money buy a cow,
This cow will ſurely have a calf,
And there the profit's half in half;
Beſides there's butter, milk and cheeſe,
To keep the market when I pleaſe.
All which I'll ſell, and buy a farm,
Then ſhall of ſweet-hearts have a ſwarm;
O! then for ribbands, gloves and rings,
Ay! more than twenty pretty things:
One brings me this, another that,
And I ſhall have——the Lord knows what!
Fir'd with the thoughts, the frantic laſs,
Of what was thus to come to paſs,
Her heart beat ſtrong, ſhe gave a bound,
And down came milk-pail on the ground,
Eggs, fowls, pig, hog, (ah! well a-day!)
Cow, calf, and farm,——all ſwam away.

THE CONTENTED CLOWN.

A TALE.

YOUNG HODGE, a poor, but a contented
ſwain,
Rented a homely cottage on a plain;
Homely you'd ſay, if you the cottage ſaw,
The walls were rais'd of mud, and thatch'd with
ſtraw:
In wond'rous form at every corner ſtood
A mighty pole, lopp'd from a neighbouring wood;
Not columns plac'd for ſhow and wanton pride,
But to ſupport with ſafety every ſide.
For when with furious blaſt the north-wind blew,
HODGE long had thought that ruin muſt enſue;
And landlord nought would give, ſo lov'd he pelf,
That HODGE e'en turn'd an architect himſelf:
Therefore, as he conſulted uſe alone,
Laid parlour, hall, and kitchen into one.
Well with the place the furniture agreed,
No implements of luxury, but need;
Five wooden platters in a comely row,
With eke as many beechen ſpoons below;
An iron pot ſtood open to the view,
By which, that he good-living kept you knew:
On half one ſide, the antique bed was plac'd,
One whole chair, and three broke, the other grac'd;

All

All that you cou'd unneceſſary call,
Were ſome old tatter'd ballads on the wall:
Alike of wealth was all his ſtock and ſtore,
Two bee-hives (one forſaken) at the door,
And cabbages and turnips half a ſcore;
A meagre tit that on the common graz'd,
A ſmall runt cow that from a calf he rais'd;
One cock, two hens, and half a dozen chicks,
Two little heaps of hay, which HODGE call'd ricks;
Three pigs, within doors kept, and ſerv'd with care,
To theſe—a wife—two girls—a ſon and heir:
Theſe were his ſtock—nor did he e'er repine,
Tho' pigs, wife, children, often did combine
To greet his ears, and in loud concert join.
But, midſt this ſcene of poverty and woes,
HODGE by his looks no diſcontentment ſhows;
He feels no ſecret pangs, betrays no ſpleen,
But in his face a blithful mirth is ſeen:
At work he whiſtles, when his work is done
No more is tir'd than when he firſt begun;
Homeward he hies, and tunes a merry ſong,
His lov'd, though dirty ſqualing tribe among:
Happy the day, as happy proves the night,
And MADGE and HODGE experience true delight;
Nor doubt that both their pleaſures are ſincere,
When a brave chopping child comes ev'ry year.
Such HODGE's life was, which a neighbouring 'ſquire
Did often with an envious mind admire;
Wonder'd a Clown in ſuch penurious ſtate
Never repin'd at Heav'n, and curs'd his fate,

But

But ſtill was merry, and was ſtill content;
And though his charge increas'd—ſtill paid his rent:
—The 'ſquire once caught him felling down an oak,
And though he toil'd, ſtill ſung 'twixt every ſtroke:
Pleas'd at his lightſome heart, began a chat,
And after ſome diſcourſe of this and that;
'Pray HODGE, cries he, a hardſhip you endure,
'How can you be ſo merry, and ſo poor?
'You whiſtle, ſing, contented are, and free,
'Some ſecret ſure you have; pray tell it me?
HODGE ſtops a while, and with a leer replies,
'You ſhall the ſecret know without diſguiſe;
'Why, when I think of ſuch fine folk as you,
'That ride in coaches, and have nought to do;
'Who live upon the fat of all the land,
'Have coaches, horſes, ſervants at command;
'Why then, an't pleaſe your worſhip, in good faith,
'A ſecret curſe or two my father hath,
'Who under ſuch a ſtar a ſon begot,
'That never will through life be worth a groat.
'But when I change the caſe, and think how few
'Have ſuch eſtates, and live like one of you;
'And yet how many millions have the curſe
'Of my condition, if not ſtill a worſe;
'Content, that work I follow I began,
'And ſtill jog on as merry as I can.

TRUE

TRUE HEROISM.

A TALE.

THESE precepts how divinely great!
Love thou the wretch who ſtoops to hate;
Relieve the fainting hungry foe,
And emulate the god below!
All joys to thoſe th' obſervance brings
Are trifles, toys, and empty things;
Unmatch'd his bliſs, whoſe godlike mind
Sublime, unconquerably kind,
Ingratitude aſſails in vain,
As Albion's cliffs the reſtleſs main.
Of this I ſing, indulge the tale,
If truth's conſpicuous through the veil.
A mongrel Dog, a ſurly elf,
Who ne'er lov'd ought beſide himſelf,
A ſhepherd's irkſome ſervice left,
And liv'd, a vagrant beaſt, on theft;
As once half-chew'd he gorg'd his prey,
A ſplinter'd bone obſtructs the way;
This to remove all arts in vain
He'd try'd, juſt dead with fear aad pain,
No friend the woods and plains among,
Alone, forlorn, he crawl'd along——
Near him at length a Crane he ſpies,
But views the birds with hopeleſs eyes;
Tho' well her pow'r to ſave was known,
Whoſe taper beak cou'd reach the bone;

For

For who to him, a worthleſs thief——
By pity mov'd, wou'd bring relief?
Some other native then to find,
He ply'd his half diſtracted mind,
And hit on that which whilome made,
Poor friendſhip dwindle to a trade,
When gen'rous love in man grew cold,
And mutual aid was bought and ſold.
So to the bird, in feeble tone,
He made the dire diſaſter known,
Adding (to make aſſiſtance ſure)
That vaſt rewards attend the cure.
The Crane at once comply'd, and drew
The latent ſplinter forth to view.
The ſavage, free'd from pain and fear,
Beheld his friend with ſcornful ſneer;
What! now no doubt you want your hire,
Thou mercenary fool——retire——
(The thankleſs ruffian taunting ſaid)
And thank me that you wear your head.
The gen'rous bird reply diſdain'd,
And ſpurn'd the ground the wretch profan'd,
Look'd up with yet unconquer'd eye,
And clapt her wings, and ſought the ſky;
Conſcious ſhe greater worth poſſeſt,
Than thought to him could e'er ſuggeſt,
Who held no good was e'er deſign'd
Without return, in gold or kind:
Pleas'd ſhe reflects, with virtuous pride,
Herſelf that generous aid ſupply'd,
Nor hop'd nor wiſh'd the profer'd hire,
For wealth's beneath a Crane's deſire.

The Dog, mean time, with inward pain
Her careleſs air and juſt diſdain
Beheld, and curſt the glorious ſight,
With all the rage of fruſtrate ſpight,
Than keen reproach it ſtung him more,
And gave a pang unfelt before;
He turns abhorrent of the day,
And grinds his fangs, and ſtalks away;
With perſevering feet, behind
Him juſtice trac'd, tho' lame, and blind;
When next he taſted living food,
He found his late miſchance renew'd,
Another bone his throat retains,
And doubles all his former pains;
At once a thouſand thoughts combind,
Like light'ning flaſh'd upon his mind,
They ſtung, they blaſted, as they came,
With conſcious guilt, remorſe, and ſhame;
Where'er he turns his dying eyes,
He ſees inſulted Cranes ariſe,
His forfeit word, ill omen'd ſound!
He finds in all the ecchoes round.
"Will now the bird, my friend ſo late,
"Again redeem my life from fate?
"Wou'd ſhe, tho' found again, believe
"The tongue that ſpeaks but to deceive?
"And who of all that wing the ſky,
"But know my crime as well as I?
"The injur'd Crane would never fail
"To publiſh this to ev'ry gale;
"Curſt Dog—to guilt more curſt, a prey."
He groan'd—as ſtretch'd on earth he lay.

A bird, who hear'd him thus complain,
Flew ſtraight, and told her friend the Crane;
She haſtes th' expiring wretch to find,
Who thus diſplay'd his rankling mind:
Oh! worſe than death, deteſted ſight—
Receive me hell! ſurround me night!
Com'ſt thou to blaſt my dying ear?
Why take thy wiſh—I'm bound to hear—
Reproach and inſult, ſcorn and hate,
Come all—and urge the hand of fate.
Conſcious of worth ſuperior, ſmil'd
The Crane, and thus his fears beguil'd:
Learn nobler thoughts—look up, and trace
The marks of mercy in my face,
I count the nobler taſk, to ſhow
That virtue ſtill reſides below,
To make thy ſtubborn ſoul believe
There are who wrong'd can ſtill relieve:
Thy life again I come to give,
And more—a pattern how to live.
The cur, tho' ſtill of guile afraid,
Knew death was ſure without her aid;
Since then his death cou'd be but ſure,
He thought it beſt to riſque a cure.
Again the Crane exerts her art,
The ſplinter leaves the wounded part;
The Dog aſtoniſh'd, dumb with awe,
Th' exalted bounty felt, and ſaw—
Grov'ling in duſt, he durſt not meet
Her eye, but crawl'd and lick'd her feet;
Contempt itſelf, and juſt diſdain,
Had given but half the ſhame and pain.

Methinks

Methinks I ſee, ſupremely fair,
Erect th' inhabitant of air;
Methinks, with kindred joy, I trace
The bliſs that kindles in her face,
The glories gathering round her head,
While thus the vanquiſh'd ſinner ſaid:
Oh! wond'rous child of bounteous JOVE,
I ſink beneath the weight of love;
Oh! let me find ſome happy way,
One mite of this vaſt debt to pay,
Leſt thus profuſely, while you bleſs,
Your kindneſs ſhould too much oppreſs;
Make me henceforth your faithful ſlave,
And deign to uſe the life you gave;
So ſhall I dare once more to riſe,
Once more to meet thoſe friendly eyes,
Which elſe 'tis certain death to ſee,
Nor death himſelf could wound like thee.
The bird reply'd, you owe me nought,
I've gain'd the ſole reward I ſought,
The joy, the glory, to impart
The virtue that firſt warm'd thy heart;
To heav'n thy adoration pay,
It's ſervant I, who pleas'd obey;
The gods forever good and wiſe,
Who mark our faults with pitying eyes,
Their juſtice thus with mercy mix,
Our feet in virtue's paths to fix;
Be virtuous then, and bleſt, ſhe ſaid,
Exulting clapt her wings and fled.
The Dog aroſe, reſolv'd no more
A thief to prowl the foreſt o'er;

He ſought his rightful maſter's cot,
Tho' long deſerted not forgot:
As near the peaceful place he drew,
A wily fox he caught and ſlew;
With this his peace at home he made,
Receiv'd, forgiv'n, no more he ſtray'd,
Was ever found, at COLIN's ſide,
A faithful ſervant 'till he dy'd.

Can then th' ungrateful render virtue vain,
When all may taſte the pleaſures of the Crane?
Shall he who ſighs for glory dye the field,
When nobler laurels bloodleſs conqueſt yield?
Without return, who perſevere to bleſs
The hero's pleaſures, and his palm poſſeſs;
While thoſe who barter ſervices away
Are venal bands, and only gain their pay:
Brave in all fortunes be the gen'rous mind,
Friend to its foes, and to the thankleſs kind;
Since the ſteel'd breaſt, on which thy bounty's ſhed,
But throws a brighter radiance round thy head;
While grateful minds contract thy virtue's blaze,
While in their own they half abſorb thy praiſe.

So on the brook, when ſhines the god of day,
The yielding waters deep admit the ray;
But when, deſcending on the hoſtile field,
The ſhafts of PHEBUS ſmite the poliſh'd ſhield,
Strong from the ſteel the pointed ray returns,
Glows with new light, and with new ardour burns.

THE

THE FARMER's BLUNDER.

A TALE.

A Farmer once to London went,
To pay the worthy 'Squire his rent:
He comes—he knocks—ſoon entrance gains,
Who at the door ſuch gueſt detains?
Forth ſtruts the 'Squire exceeding ſmart;
'Farmer you're welcome to my heart:
'You've brought my rent then?——To a hair.
'The beſt of tenants, I declare.'
The ſtew'rd was call'd, th' accounts made even,
The money paid, receipt was given.
'Well, quoth the 'Squire, now you ſhall ſtay,
'And dine with me, old friend, to day;
'I've here ſome ladies, wond'rous pretty,
'And pleaſant ſparks, I'll warrant will fit ye.'
He ſcratch'd his ears, and held his hat,
And ſaid, 'No zur, two words to that;
'For look, d'ye zee, when ize do dine,
'With gentlevolks zo cruel fine,
'I uſe to make (and 'tis no wonder)
'In deed, and word, zome plag'y blunder;
'Zo, if your honour will permit,
'I'll with your zervants pick a bit.——
'Pho, ſays the 'Squire, it ſhan't be done,'
And to the parlor puſh'd him on.

To all around he nods and ſcrapes,
Not waiting maid or butler ſcapes.
With often bidding takes his ſeat,
But at diſtance mighty great,
Tho' often aſk'd to draw his chair,
He nods, nor comes an inch more near.
By madam ſerv'd, with body bended,
With knife and fork, and arms extended,
He reach'd as far as e'er was able,
To plate that over-hung the table.
With little morſels cheats his chops,
And in the paſſage ſome he drops.
To ſhew where moſt his heart inclin'd,
He talk'd and drank to JOHN behind.
When drank to in the modiſh way,
Your love's ſufficient zur, he'd ſay;
And to be thought a man of manners,
Still roſe to make his awkward honours.
'Piſh, ſays the 'Squire, pray keep your ſetting;
'No, no, he cries, zur, 'tis not fitting;
'Tho' I'm no ſcholard vars'd in letters,
'I knows my duty to my betters.'
Much mirth the Farmer's ways afford,
And hearty laughs go round the board.
Thus the firſt courſe was ended—well!
But at the next—ah! what befell.
The diſhes now were timely plac'd,
And table with freſh lux'ry grac'd.
When drank to by a neighb'ring charmer,
Up, as was uſual, ſtands the Farmer.
A wagg, to carry on the joke,
Thus to his ſervant ſoftly ſpoke;

'Come

' Come hither, DICK, ſtep gently there,
' And pull away the Farmer's chair:'
'Tis done, his congee made, the clown
Draws back, and ſtoops to ſit him down;
But by poſteriors over-weigh'd,
And by his truſty ſeat betray'd,
As men at twigs in river ſprawling,
He catch'd the cloth to ſave his falling.
In vain—ſad fortune! down he's wallow'd,
And rattling all the diſhes follow'd.
The foolings loſt their little wits,
The ladies ſquall'd ſome fell in fits.
Here tumbled turkies, tarts, and widgeons,
And there minc'd pyes, and geeſe, and pidgeons.
A pear-pye on his belly drops,
A cuſtard-pudding met his chops.
Lord! what ado 'twixt belles and beaux,
Some curſe, ſome cry, and rub their cloaths:
This lady raves, and that looks down,
And weeps and wails her ſpatter'd gown;
One ſpark bemoans beſpatter'd waiſtcoat,
One, rot him, cries, he's ſpoil'd my lac'd coat.
Amidſt the rout, the Farmer long
The pudding ſuck'd, and held his tongue.
At length he gets him on his breech,
And ſcrabbles up to make a ſpeech;
Firſt ſcrapes eyes, mouth, and noſtrils twangs,
Then ſmacks his fingers, and harangues.
' Plague tak't, ize told ye how 'twou'd be,
' Luck here's a pickle, zurs, d'ye ſee;
' And ſome, I'll warrant, that makes this chatter,
' Have cloathers daub'd with greas and butter,

'That coſt——He had gone on—but here
Was ſtopt at once in his career.
'—Peace, brute! begone, the ladies cry,
The beaux exclaim, fly raſcal, fly.——
'I'll tear his eyes out, ſqueaks miſs DOLLY,
'I'll pink his ſoul out, roars a bully.'—
At this the Farmer ſhrinks for fear,
And thinking 'twas ill tarrying here,
Shabs off, and cries, ay! kill me then,
When e'er you catch me here again.
So home he jogs, and leaves the 'Squire
To cool the ſpark, and ladies ire.
Here ends my tale, and now I'll try,
Like PRIOR, ſomething to apply.

This may teach rulers of a nation,
Ne'er to place men above their ſtation;
And this may ſhew the wanton wit,
That whilſt he bites, he may be bit.

RETROP. BAJULUS.

THE

THE MIDNIGHT-STUDENT; OR, THE CURATE's WIFE SERV'D.

DO what you can, a woman ſtill
(The proverb ſays) muſt have her will,
Or fraud or cunning will prevail,
Where kind entreaties ever fail.
A country prieſt, of ſtudious life,
Juſt turn'd of thirty, took a wife;
The girl full nineteen years had tarry'd,
Too long, alas! before ſhe marry'd.
The nuptial day in mirth was ſpent,
At early eve to bed they went;
He look'd next morn a little dull,
She bluſh'd and ſimper'd like a fool:
Hence phyſiognomiſts could tell,
That, ſo far, matters had gone well;
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry night,
All, for a month, went pretty right.
From that time, matrons grave report,
Things ſeem'd a little out of ſort;
Whene'er, amongſt tea-table chat,
Her neighbours talk'd of this and that,
She brought it ſlighly round about,
Her ſpouſe's foible ſhould come out.

What pretty woman could endure it,
From ſuch a handſome, jolly Curate?
To love her cloſe for e'er ſhe preſt him,
And morning, noon, and night careſt him:
He told her often 'twas in vain
To teaze, for kiſſing hurt the brain;
Forbid to hug him like a leach,
For, if he kiſs'd, he could not preach.
As fond endearments would not do,
Another way ſhe brought him too.
'Tis ſaid the parſon could indite
His ſermons beſt, at dead of night,
And, when he us'd from ſleep to wake,
Would give the fair a rouſing ſhake,
'Wife, I've a thought exceeding bright!
'Riſe, preſently, and ſtrike a light.'
So ſaid, ſo done, whene'er he bid it,
Obediently ſhe roſe, and did it;
Lean'd at his pillow with the taper,
While he committed pen to paper:
Then both laid down; he took a ſnore,
And thought again. in half an hour;
Again, the fair unſeals her eyes,
To gratify his whim, and riſe.
Did, e'er before, deſerving beauty,
Contented, drudge at ſuch hard duty?
One night, he pull'd her by the arm,
And gave the uſual rude alarm:
She yawn'd and ſtretch'd; 'Wake, wake my dear,
'(He cries) why, ſure, you cannot hear?
She flings her arms acroſs his neck,
And lays her lips upon his cheek;

Sighs

Sighs deep, yet ſeems but half awake,
Till pinch'd, and ſo conſtrain'd to ſpeak,
She mutters out, 'Excuſe me now;
'Tis cold!—you're quite unkind, I vow.'
Aloud he bawls, 'For half a crown,
'I wou'd n't, child, but ſet it down!'
'La, la! (ſhe anſwers) and, with that,
She taps his cheek a gentle pat,
'I wont, unleſs you'll—ſo and ſo.'
'So! how? (he cries)—'Why don't you know?'
'Piſh! afterwards, perhaps, I may.'——
'But firſt!'——'Pooh! huſſey, can't you ſtay?'
She cuddles nearer to his face,
And warms the clod with an embrace:
No longer, now, reſiſt he cou'd,
Tho cold, he yet was fleſh and blood,
And, therefore, did—whate'er ſhe wou'd.
She kept her word, the candle brought,
But, then he had forgot his thought:
He ſhakes his head, proceeds to ſchooling,
'You ſee, my dear, what comes of fooling:'—
She ſtops his progreſs, 'Ay, my dear;
'But, next time, we'll take better care;
'You ſhall reveal your thoughts to me,
'And charge 'em with my memory;
'I'll mind 'em, while we do that ſame,
'Or elſe be bound to bear the blame.'
In vain, he ply'd the female fox
With Reaſons ſtrongly orthodox;
She prov'd, what acts of married life
Were orthodox in man and wife:

The parſon in the ſtrife was foil'd,
And ſoon the dame was big with child.
This teaches neighbour, friend and brother,
That one good turn deſerves another.

THE
ANT's PHILOSOPHY.

SPRING, hoary *winter*'s lovely child,
Approach'd, reviving nature ſmil'd;
With brighter gold the morning glow'd,
The ſnows diſſolv'd, the rivers flow'd,
Warm weſtern breezes ſhook the reed,
Prolific dews impearl'd the mead,
On ev'ry ſpray new leaves appear'd,
The birds from every buſh were he'rd,
No more the folds the flocks retain,
Nor village fires the ſhiv'ring ſwain.
Adorn'd with ev'ry gorgeous dye,
The gale receiv'd a Butterfly;
Vig'rous, and as the ſeaſon gay,
He wanton'd in the beams of day.
Two careful Piſmires, each a ſage,
By nature wiſe, and wiſe by age,
(While each the gawdy trifle ſees)
Expreſs'd, by turns, ſuch thoughts as theſe.
'Short is the date of thoughtleſs myrth,
'The lighteſt vanity on earth!
'The pleaſures *idleneſs* beſtows,
'But ſharpen want's ſucceeding woes;

'Yon

'Yon flutterer, recent from the duſt,
'Shall quickly prove the maxim juſt;
'And righteous ſure is JOVE's decree,
'*That* famine *puniſh* gluttony.'
His friend reply'd,——'The fate of flies
'I view with pity, not ſurprize,
'This inſect, firſtling of the year,
'In ign'rance lives ſecure from fear;
'Nature he ſees in all her pride,
'With all her bounties is ſupply'd;
'For him ſpontaneous plants ariſe,
'Where'er with wanton wings he flies;
'He from the tranſient vernal ſhow'r
'Sweet ſhelter finds in ev'ry flow'r,
'Enjoys the ſun's returning ray,
'And hopes a *morrow* like *to-day*.
'Tis not ordain'd for him to know,
'What ſeaſons change the world below;
'No dreary winter he forſees,
'No freezing brook, no naked trees,
'No chilling blaſt, no ſteril plain,
'Perpetual clouds, or hoary rain:
'Should we, by long experience wiſe,
'As friends inform him, and adviſe,
'Perhaps our plan of life purſued,
'In *winter* ſhall ſecure him food,
'From riot ſomething he may ſpare,
'The bliſs of future *ſprings* to ſhare.
'Vain thought! the ſage reply'd again,
'Experience proves your hopes are vain.
'Alas! can *reaſon* conquer *fate*?
'Can counſel make a *fly* ſedate?

'Shall

'Shall he new ſchemes of life purſue,
'Believe your words, and copy you?
'Know *wiſdom*, the beſt born of heav'n,
'Wiſdom by none but JOVE is giv'n,
'On us beſtow'd—perhaps alone—
'For Man, our boaſted lord, has none.
'Proud wretch! beneath whoſe heedleſs tread
'We count a thouſand thouſand dead;
'Whoſe ſtaff, huge maſs! with caſual blow
'Our towns unſeen can overthrow;
'Even he, whoſe life an age endures,
'No good beyond the *now* ſecures——
'For toys he barters health and eaſe,
'And leaps the precipice he ſees;
'Not reaſon's warning voice he hears,
'Or wiſe by hours, is mad by years;
'By folly ſtill belies his birth,
'And lives a very *fly* on earth.
'Thank heav'n, to heav'n our thanks be due,
'We know our int'reſt, and purſue.
'Let Man rule earth, and claim the ſky,
'The dread, yet ſcorn, of you and I,
'Our humbler lot, with wiſdom bleſt,
'JOVE's partial bounty marks the beſt.'
Our Ant's concluſion, briefly to apply,
Let him who ſcorns it by his life deny.

THE

THE FATHER.

A TALE.

AVARO liv'd a private life,
And ſtarv'd in bondage with his wife.
Did ſhe too ſtarve? To him, at leaſt,
So matters ſeem'd; but ſhe knew beſt:
For ſhe was plump, hiſtorians ſay,
And look'd as blythſome as the day:
But that, AVARO underſtood,
Was from her temper, not her food.
One ſon they had, but never more,
Children, thought he, make people poor;
And virtue dwells in ſelf-denial,
So I'll abſtain from farther trial.——
Whether the lady thought the ſame,
Or not, is nothing to my theme.
The marriage articles, which ſaid
Madam ſhould always have her maid,
Were kept from SUSAN down to NAN,
'Till DICK began to grow a man.
DICK was the ſon we juſt now mention'd,
Who, grown a man, inform'd the wench on't;
The wench grew fond, as DICK grew bolder,
And was convinc'd of what he told her.
A lucky girl may grant a favour,
Yet keep her character for-ever:
But luck was little of NAN's ſide;
Her failing grew to big to hide.

She

She wept, ſhe ſobb'd, was almoſt wild:—
'What ſhall we do about the child?
'Poor youth! thy ruin it will be;
'And I—what muſt become of me!
Caught in this ſad dilemma, DICK
(Whoſe faculties were ſharp and quick)
Concluded thus to ſave their bacon,
'In father's net it muſt be taken:
'NAN, you can ſwear a lye for once;
'You know the 'ſquire is but a dunce:
'At worſt his worſhip may be wrought on;
'Leave that to me (quoth NAN) well thought on.'
DICK whiſpers it about the pariſh:
'God knows the cauſe! but NAN looks queariſh:
'I wiſh my father don't grow young.'
This was enough, the ſtory rung.
A country ſervant big with bearn,
Is thought a popular concern:
So NAN was quickly apprehended;
Son, father, mother, all attended.
Before the juſtice now we find her,
DICK prompting all the while behind her.
His worſhip (influnc'd before)
Cries, 'Huſſey, who made you a whore?
'My maſter,' ſays the quean, and took
The uſual oath upon the book.
'What ſwore the ſlut? AVARO cries,
(And lifted up his hands and eyes)
'My wife can prove my long unfitneſs!—
'Villain (quoth ſhe) call me to witneſs!
'Yes, letcher, I can witneſs this:
'I've now and then a ſlabb'ring kiſs;

'That's

'That's all, theſe twenty years and more;
'The reſt, it ſeems, was for your whore.'
Condemn'd on evidence ſo plain,
AVARO urg'd his age in vain:
A child not his, a jealous wife,
Were now the comforts of his life:
And may ſuch comforts ever be
The fruit of ſuch frugality.

THE
EXPERIMENT.
A TALE.

VIRTUE and Vice, two mighty pow'rs,
Who rule this motly world of ours,
Diſputed once which govern'd beſt,
And whoſe dependents moſt were bleſt.
They reaſon'd, rally'd, crack'd their jokes,
Succeeding much like other folks.
Their logic waſted, and their wit,
Nor one nor t'other wou'd ſubmit;
But both the doubtful point conſent
To clear, by fair Experiment:
For this ſome mortal, they declare,
By turns ſhall both their bounty ſhare,
And either's pow'r to bleſs him try'd,
Shall then the long diſpute decide.
On HODGE they fix, a country boor,
As yet rough, ign'rant, careleſs, poor——

Vice firſt exerts her pow'r to bleſs,
And gives him *riches* in exceſs,
With gold ſhe taught him to ſupply
Each riſing wiſh of *luxury*;
HODGE grew at length polite and great,
And liv'd like miniſter of ſtate;
He ſwore with grace, got nobly drunk,
And kept in pomp his twentieth punk.
One morning as in eaſy chair
HODGE ſat with ruminating air,
Vice, like a lady fair and gay,
Approach'd, and thus was hear'd to ſay—
(Behind her Virtue all the while
Stood ſlily liſt'ning with a ſmile)
'Know, favour'd mortal, know that I
'The pleaſures of thy life ſupply;
'I rais'd thee from the clay-built cell,
'Where *want*, *contempt*, and *ſlav'ry* dwell;
'And as each joy on earth is ſold,
'To purchaſe *all*, I gave thee gold;
'This made the charms of beauty thine,
'This bleſs'd thee with the joys of *wine*;
'This gave thee, in the rich *repaſt*,
'Whate'er can pleaſe the *tutor'd* taſte.
'Confeſs the bleſſings I beſtow,
'And pay the grateful thanks you owe;
'My name is Vice.'—Cry'd HODGE (and ſneer'd)
'Long be your mighty name rever'd!
'Forbid it, heav'n! thus bleſt by you,
'That I ſhou'd rob you of your due——
'To *wealth*, 'twas you that made me heir,
'And gave, for which I thank you, *care*;

'Wealth

'Wealth brought me *wine*, 'tis paſt a doubt,
'And wine, ſee here's a leg! the *gout*.
'To wealth I owe my *French ragout*,
'And that each morn and night—I ſpue;
'This *beauty* brought, and with the dame
'The *pox*, a bleſt companion! came.
'And now, to ſhew how much I prize
'The joys which from your bounty riſe,
'Each coupled with ſo dear a brother,
'I'll give you *one* to take the *other*.——
'Avant, depart from whence you came,
'And thank your ſtars that I am lame.'
Enrag'd and griev'd away ſhe flew,
And all her gifts from HODGE withdrew.
Now, in his ſad repentant hour,
Celeſtial Virtue try'd her pow'r;
For *wealth*, content the goddeſs gave,
Th' unenvy'd treaſure of the ſlave!
From wild deſires ſhe ſet him free,
And fill'd his breaſt with charity;
No more loud tumults riot breeds,
And temperance *gluttony* ſucceeds.
HODGE, in his native cot at reſt,
Now Virtue found, and thus addreſs'd:
'Say, for 'tis yours by proof to know,
'Can Virtue give thee bliſs below?
'*Content* my gift, and *temp'rance* mine,
'And *charity*, tho' meek, divine——
With bluſhing cheeks, and kindling eyes,
The man tranſported thus replies:
'My goddeſs! on this favour'd head
'The life of life thy bleſſings ſhed!

'My annual thouſands when I told,
'Inſatiate ſtill I ſigh'd for gold;
'You gave content—a boundleſs ſtore!
'And, rich indeed! I ſigh'd no more.—
'With *temp'rance* came, delightful gueſt,
'*Health—taſteful food*, and *balmy reſt*;
'With *charity*'s ſeraphic flame
'Each generous *ſocial* pleaſure came,
'Pleaſures which in poſſeſſion riſe,
'And retroſpective thought ſupplies!
'Long to atteſt it may I live,
'That all Vice *promiſes*, you *give*.'

Vice hear'd, and ſwore that HODGE for hire
Had giv'n his verdict like a liar;
And Virtue, turning with diſdain,
Vow'd ne'er to ſpeak to Vice again.

ON TOBACCO. A TALE.

In Imitation of PRIOR.

WOMAN, with contradiction fraught,
With good things find the greateſt fault;
Calls ee'n *Tobacco* Indian *weed*,
Tho' Britiſh *herbs* it far exceed,
What tho' King JAMES wrote books againſt it,
He prudently at length diſpens'd with't;
When once old CECIL made appear,
It brought in thouſand pounds a year;
Then, JEMMY, like VESPASIAN, you cry,
From all things, *dulcis odor lucri*.

Tobacco

Tobacco, unreſtrain'd by rules,
The chilly warms, the hotter cools;
The plowman, huntſman, lab'rer, ſpinner,
To ſave their pipe cou'd loſe their dinner;
In tooth-ach 'tis a known ſpecific,
In country cottages prolific;
Yet ladies fine, throughout the nation
(Far gone in ſpleen and affectation)
Still cry, *Tobacco*'s only uſe is
T' unbrace the nerves, and dry the juices.
But ladies may in judgment fail;
For inſtance, hear the following tale.

Near Offa's dike, of burly frame,
A lawyer liv'd, (we'll wave his name)
Who dearly lov'd a buxom laſs,
Nor leſs a chearful pipe and glaſs;
But finding he ran daily more in
Debentures, by mere dint of whoring,
Grew tir'd of ſuch unchriſtian carriage,
And choſe to mortify in marriage.
Love, ſway'd by *reaſon* moſt profound,
A wife produc'd, and thouſand pound.

At firſt, like ſtricteſt devotees,
He's night and morning on his knees;
But, when the honey moon was over,
Grew ſomething more a moderate lover;
Wou'd take his gun, and kill a ſnipe,
So meet a friend, and ſmoke a pipe.

When home he comes, ſhe ſmells his breath,
Cries, Gad! you'll poiſon me to death;
Tobacco! faugh! what wife, ye pow'rs!
Can bear ſuch ſtinks, and odious hours?

My deareſt, I've no more to ſay;
You ſhall command, and I'll obey.
Next morn he ſtirr'd not from the houſe,
But ſpent the live-long day with ſpouſe:
To bed they went juſt after ſupper,
When he to madam turn'd his crupper;
And tho' full many a ſigh it coſt her,
Th' inſenſible ne'er chang'd his poſture.
Next day ſhe ſeem'd extremely froward,
This was not right, and that untoward;
At length ſhe cry'd, with look ſo queer,
Laſt night you was not well, my dear.
Quoth he, (and then her hand he preſt)
I'm ſorry if I broke your reſt;
Periſh all matrimonial ſtrife!
E'en tho' *Tobacco* ſave my life;
Till now I've ta'en it ſtill by ſtealth,
Without it never had my health;
June ſeems, without it, like December,
I loſe the uſe of ev'ry member:
Yet, I, my love, cou'd die to pleaſe ye;
Die? no, quoth ſhe, I'll make you eaſy——
Here, SUSAN, run—But, take this guinea,
Fetch ten pounds of the beſt Virginia:
The healing plant diſpell'd her cares,
He had his pipe, and ſhe had hers.

THE

THE
BEAU and the BUTTERFLY.
A FABLE.

WHEN ſummer deckt each ſilvan ſcene,
And ſunſhine ſmil'd along the green;
When groves allur'd with noon-tide ſhade,
And purling brooks refreſh'd the glade;
An empty form of empty ſhow,
A flutt'ring inſect, call'd a Beau,
In gaudy colours, rich and gay,
A meer papilio of the day,
Was ſeen around the fields to rove,
And haunt by turns, the ſtream and grove:
A ſilver zone entwin'd his head,
His belly ſhone with lively red;
His wings were green, but ſtudded o'er
With gold embroider'd ſpots before.
Around him various inſects came,
Of diff'rent colour, diff'rent name;
And ting'd with ev'ry gorgeous dye,
Among the reſt a Butterfly:
His wings are ſpread with wanton pride,
And beauty fades from all beſide.
The Beau beholds with envious eyes,
The living radiance as it flies;
'And ſhall, ſaid he, this worthleſs thing,
'That lives but on a ſummer's wing,

' This flying worm more gaudy ſhine?
' And wear a dreſs more gay than mine?
' Is this wiſe nature's equal care
' To deck a Butterfly ſo fair?
' While Man her worthieſt, greateſt part,
' Muſt wear the homely rags of art!'
Thus reaſon'd he, as reaſon Beaux,
The ſubject of their logic, cloaths;
And thus the Butterfly reply'd,
With deeper tints by anger dy'd.
' Vain, trifling mortal could'ſt thou boaſt
' To prize, what nature prizes moſt
' On Man beſtow'd, thou woud'ſt not ſee
' With envy ought ſhe gives to me.
' This painted veſtment, all my ſtore,
' She gives, and I can claim no more——
' But Man for greater ends deſign'd,
' Shou'd boaſt the beauties of the mind.
' More bright than gold with wiſdom ſhine,
' And virtue's ſacred charms be thine.
' To rule the world by reaſon taught,
' On dreſs diſdain to waſte a thought,
' For he whom folly bends ſo low,
' Ambitious to be thought a Beau,
' Is ſtudious only to be gay,
' In toilet-arts conſumes the day;
' And the long trifling labours o'er,
' Takes wing, and bids the world adore,
' Looks down with ſcorn on rival flies,
' Himſelf leſs ſplendid, and leſs wiſe;
' With ſcorn, his ſcorn return'd again
' Proud inſect! impotently vain!

'The fool, who thus by ſelf is priz'd,
'By others juſtly is deſpis'd;'
She ſaid, and flutter'd round on high,
Nor ſtaid to hear the beau's reply.

THE TWO DOVES.

A FABLE.

TWO Turtles once, a gentle kind,
In ſofteſt bands by love were join'd;
But bleſſings which no pains moleſt,
Still languiſh in the wiſhful breaſt;
'Till taught by fear we ſeldom prize
The largeſt bounty of the ſkies:
Thus tir'd of home Columbo grew,
And penſive ſigh'd for ſomething new:
For diſtant realms prepar'd to part,
Thus ſpoke the partner of his heart:
'Why ſhould my dear Columbo rove,
'And leave me widow'd in the grove?
'What ill can worſe than abſence be?
'Unkind! not abſence worſt to thee!
'Yet let the toils, the perils, cares,
'Which fate for travellers prepares
'Retard thy ſpeed——attend the ſpring,
'And wait the Zephyr's aiding wing:
'What haſte?—this hour, ill omen'd ſound!
'The raven's croak was hear'd around;
'Hawks, nets, and ills of ev'ry kind
'Henceforth ſhall haunt my boding mind;

'And

" And what does heav'n at home deny,
" That thou can'ſt wiſh, or heav'n ſupply?
Theſe words in doubt Columbo hold,
Still weakly vain, and raſhly bold;
At length his wreſtleſs wiſh prevails,
And love, and fear, and prudence fails;
When thus he ſpoke with chearful air——
" From Turturella far be care,
" No more let tears thoſe eyes diſtain,
" Whate'er I ſeek three days ſhall gain;
" Returning then, to thee I'll tell
" Whate'er I ſaw, whate'er befell;
" Amuſing thus the penſive day,
" Who little ſee, can little ſay;
" Of rich deſcription full, my tale
" Shall oft thy liſtening ear regale;
" The ſcenes I'll paint ſo ſtrong, ſo true,
" In fancy, thou ſhalt travel too.
This ſaid, *farewell* diſſolves his heart,
And wet with mutual tears, they part.
As Turturella penſive ſate,
In fancy wand'ring with her mate,
Now thought to wing far diſtant ſkies,
And mark new wonders as he flies,
Far at her utmoſt ken ſhe ſees
A bird approach by ſlow degrees;
Nor form'd for flight he ſeem'd, nor ſong,
But ſtop'd by turns, and limp'd along:
Her pains who feels can tell alone,
The bird for chang'd Columbo known;
Down from her neſt ſhe flew to meet
Her mate, with mutual tears they greet;

Fit ſhelter, for no more he flies,
The hollow of a tree ſupplies;
A while with ſilent grief oppreſt,
At length the Dove her mate addreſt:
'O! tell me, dear Columbo, tell
'What ſcenes you ſaw, what woes befel;
'Why wounded thus Columbo mourns,
'And e'er th' appointed day returns?
With falt'ring voice Columbo cry'd,
"From thee no more my heart I hide;
"Scarce from the peaceful grove I paſt,
"When ſudden clouds the ſkies o'ercaſt;
"I ſaw the ſtorm, for ſhelter ſought,
"A ſingle tree that ſhelter brought,
"Thin leav'd, and pervious to the ſhow'r;
"I felt the rig'rous ſeaſon's pow'r:
"The cloud diſſolv'd, benum'd with cold
"Again my dripping wings unfold;
"In neighb'ring fields ſome corn I view,
"And hov'ring near, a Turtle too;
"By flatt'ring hopes deluded there,
"I ſtruggled in the fowler's ſnare:
"The Turtle tutor'd to betray,
"Beneath the bait a net there lay.
"Unwonted ſtrength, deſpair ſupply'd,
"I broke the ſnare my feet that ty'd;
"With leſs than half my tail I fled,
"And trail'd behind a broken thread,
"A remnant of the ſnare, when lo!
"A Vulture ſees me, dreadful foe!
"Juſt as he ſtoop'd to ſnatch the prey,
"From heav'n an Eagle wing'd his way;

"I, while

" I, while the ſons of rapine fight,
" Improv'd the lucky hour in flight;
" The ruins of a cot were near;
" I thought my dangers ended here;
" Deceitful thought! a playful-boy,
" (The cruel race in ſport deſtroy)
" Whirl'd round the ſling, the rapid ſtone
" Laid bare my pinion to the bone;
" Yet reach I living this abode,
" What *ſignal mercies* heav'n beſtow'd!
" Left in this grove to ſigh alone,
" What fate has Turturella known?
' More ſignal yet by far, ſaid ſhe,
' The mercies heav'n beſtow'd on me:
" Alas! what woes, Columbo cry'd,
" In this ſhort abſence haſt thou try'd?
" What near eſcapes to equal mine?
" Amazing marks of love divine!——
' The woes averted from my head
' Are thoſe which thou haſt felt, ſhe ſaid;
' No near eſcapes 'twas mine to prove,
' What more amazing mark of love!
' In *eaſe* and *ſafety* more I gain
' Than *life*, to thee preſerv'd with pain;
' See then the mercies that I meant,
' Which heav'n to give me, gave content:
Learn hence the gifts of JOVE to prize,
And, e'er misfortunes teach, be wiſe.

THE

THE
FATAL INQUISITOR.
A TALE.

THO' *down* the *bed* where MIRO lay,
He ſlept not to the dawn of day.
And who cou'd hope a moment's reſt,
While thoughts like theſe perplex the breaſt?
" Knowledge conceal'd beyond the ſky,
" Ah! what can dim-ey'd man deſcry?
" Life's good, or ill, 'till felt, unknown;
" To-morrow's is to-morrow's own!
" My mortal hour the next may be——
" Or heav'n may hoary age decree.
" My moments paſs, when paſt I know,
" If fraught with happineſs, or woe.
" The tardy knowledge comes too late,
" And unprepar'd we meet our fate.
" Ah! why, if heav'n is wiſe and kind,
" Thus hood-wink'd man's immortal mind!
" Why preſcience jealouſy denied
" Of life alone, the guard and guide?
" Man born to woe, as ſparks aſcend,
" The means of bliſs heav'n will not lend.'
Here ſlumber ſeal'd his weary'd eyes;
A dream enſu'd, to make him wiſe.
(But all her ſons, like EVE, ſhall know
Knowledge that heav'n forbids, is woe!)

An Angel thus beſpoke him, " Friend!
" I come at once thy doubts to end!
" Full to thy view I'll make appear
" The fate of thy enſuing year."
He ceas'd; and from the doubter's eyes
Fell ſcales—a ſcene began to riſe—
One raving in a fever lay!
Shriek'd!—and expir'd!—turn'd cold as clay!—
Another, worn to ſkin and bone,
Deep! and more deep! fetch'd many a groan!
And now, the ſhadow gaſp'd for breath!
And now, was agoniz'd, in death!
" Who's ſhe, *that* fever robb'd of life!—"
The Angel anſwer'd, " 'Twas your wife!—"
" The man *conſumption* ended, who?—"
Again the Angel anſwer'd, " You!—"
That dreadful word like thunder broke!—
The dreamer ſtartled!—and awoke!—
" What can this ſhocking dream pretend!—
" Two deaths before the year ſhall end!—
" MIRA's the firſt!—Nor her's alone!
" As much is aſcertain'd, my own!—
" *Your wife!—And you!*—This tingling ear
" Still rings, as were the Angel here!—
" But what's a dream?—Nay ſome rehearſe
" It juſt denotes its own reverſe——
" Of mine ſhall I preſume the ſame?—
" Impoſſible! from heav'n it came!—
" Came to corect this wrangling heart!
" And what but *truth* can heav'n impart?—
" Muſt I then die?—Is death ſo near?
" Good heav'n! accept this guſhing tear!

" To

" To every crime thy grace extend!
" And let that death my ſorrows end!
" But how to break it to my *fair!*
" For the dread ſecret ſhe muſt ſhare!
" Warn'd, ſhe'll prepare herſelf to die!
" And ſhine a brighter ſaint on high!"—
The dream was told!—How ſtruck the dame!
High bounds her pulſe! Her blood's on flame!
See her in bed! She pants!—She turns!—
She raves!—How fell the fever burns!—
She's gone! And when her heart-ſtrings broke,
MIRO felt more than half the ſtroke!—
By fore-thought of that dreadful day,
How much was MIRO worn away!
But *quite* to loſe ſo fond a wife,
It ſhrunk him to a ſhade of life!
Ev'n hope, the *waſter's** conſtant friend,
That ſcarce deſerts him at his end;
Hope flies this piner's heart! nor dare
That heart importune heav'n to ſpare!—
But certain, that his inſtant doom's decreed,
He meets grim death half-way, and dies indeed!

MORAL.

Man at his peril thro' the *future* pries!
What beſt were hid, heav'n hides from human eyes.
Hence there are *ſeaſons* to be purely gay;
And ev'n misfortunes have their *proper day*.

* 'Tis ſaid to have been obſerv'd, that conſumptive people frequently hope to recover even to the very laſt.

Hence

Hence *hope*, that helps life's heavieſt loads to bear;
Hence all the humble confidence of *prayer*.
Hence *reſignation* calms the pious breaſt,
And all that heav'n permits, man conſtrues beſt.

INSULTED POVERTY:

OR,

THE CASE IS ALTERED.

A TALE.

HODGE held a farm, and ſmil'd content,
While *one* year pay'd *another*'s rent:
But if he ran the leaſt behind,
Vexation ſtung his anxious mind:
For not an hour would *landlord* ſtay,
But ſeize the very quarter-day!—
That cheap the market! ſcant the grain!
Tho' urg'd with truth, was urg'd in vain:
The ſame to *him*, if falſe, or true!—
For rent *muſt* come when rent was due!—
Yet that ſame *landlord*'s cows and ſteeds
Broke HODGE's fence, and cropt his meads.—
In hunting, that ſame *landlord*'s hounds!
See! how they ſpread his new-ſown grounds!
Dog, horſe, and man, alike o'erjoy'd,
While half the riſing crop's deſtroy'd!—
Yet tamely was the loſs ſuſtain'd——
'Tis ſaid the ſuff'rer once complain'd!

The

The 'Squire laugh'd loudly while he ſpoke,
And pay'd the Bumkin—with a joke!—
But luckleſs ſtill, poor HODGE's fate!—
His worſhip's bull has forc'd a gate!
And gor'd his cow, the laſt and beſt;
By ſickneſs he had loſt the reſt.
HODGE felt at heart reſentment ſtrong!
The heart will feel that ſuffers long!
A thought, that inſtant, took his head,
And thus, within himſelf, he ſaid;
'If HODGE, for *once*, don't *fling* the 'Squire,
'The village poſt him for a lyar!'—
He ſaid!—acroſs his ſhoulder throws
His *fork*, and to his *landlord*'s goes.
'I come, an pleaſe ye! to unfold
'What ſoon, or late, you *muſt* be told!
'*My* bull, (a creature tame 'till now!)
'*My* bull has gor'd your *worſhip*'s cow!
'Tis known what ſhifts I make to live!
'Perhaps your *honour* may forgive!'
"Forgive!" the 'Squire reply'd! and ſwore!
"Pray cant to me, *forgive*, no more.
"The Law my damage ſhall decide!
"And know that I'll be ſatisfy'd!"—
—'Think! ſir! I'm poor! poor as a rat!'—
—"Think! I'm a Juſtice! think of that!"
HODGE bow'd again, and ſcratch'd his head,
And, recollecting, archly ſaid,
'Sir! I'm ſo ſtruck, when here before ye!
'I fear, I've blunder'd in the ſtory!—
'Fore *George!* but I'll not blunder now!
'*Your*'s was the bull, ſir! mine the cow!'—

His *worſhip* found his rage ſubſide,
And, with calm accent, thus reply'd;
" I'll think upon your caſe to night;
" But, I perceive, 'tis alter'd quite!—
HODGE ſhrugg'd, and made another bow,
' And pleaſe you! who's the Juſtice now?'

MORAL.

On the *ſame* caſe what diff'rent lights are thrown,
When thought *another*'s, and when thought *our own!*
The *rich* ſtill born, the needy to enſlave!—
This *caſe* will *alter* too beyond the grave!

POVERTY REWARDED:

OR,

THE CASE RE-ALTERED.

WITH temper that made CATO great,
HODGE bore, nor murmur'd at his fate!
Oft, as at work, and oft in bed,
Theſe were the thoughts that rack'd his head:
' My *landlord*'s fortune how immenſe!
' His *thouſands* more than HODGE's *pence!*
' Nor ſorrow his, nor cauſe for ſorrow!
' He lives to-day, nor dreads to-morrow!
' Some are to ſink! and ſome to thrive!
' Sure he's the happieſt man alive!
But what friend HODGE affirms, we doubt;
Is bliſs conſiſtent with the gout?

The

The Juſtice, tippling with the Vicar,
Is ev'ry night diſguis'd in liquor!
If ſober, not the gout ſo bad,
For then he *thinks!* and then is mad!
His thoughts, when cool, ſhall HODGE be told?
'Twill make him ſpurn that trifle, gold!
" This wealth, for which the world careſs,
" How vain, how impotent to bleſs!
" Without the pow'r to ſleep, or eat,
" I'm *Juſtice*, *'Squire*, and *wretch* complete!
" This foot's intolerable pain
" Has try'd a thouſand drugs in vain!
" And what preſcription can appeaſe
" This mind's incurable diſeaſe?
" There's HODGE!—and yet he envies me!
" O! to be half ſo bleſt as he!—
But ſcenes are ſhifting; fever ends
An Uncle's life; a farm deſcends
To HODGE; and now he ploughs no more
The land his worſhip leas'd before;
No crop deſtroy'd, no rent to pay,
He lays up ſubſtance every day!
The *Juſtice*, on his prancing mare,
Attempts a gate, ſhe throws him there!
There, at the gate the bull came thro',
When HODGE's cow he gor'd, and ſlew!
From whence the whiſp'ring neighbours know
What caus'd this fatal *overthrow!*
The roſy Vicar next came by,
And found him with a broken thigh!—
'Tis ſet! in vain!—it mortifies!—
The 'Squire before to-morrow dies.

His daughter's call'd—an only child!
A girl of parts, or had been ſpoil'd!
" Daughter! I'm going!—don't repine!
" But lead a better life than mine!—
" Of all my crimes, none ſting me more
" Than injuries I've done the poor!—
" O! promiſe me before theſe friends,
" To make that *injur'd* HODGE amends!—
At more, with fault'ring tongue, he try'd,—
But fetch'd a dreadful groan, and dy'd!—
His corps, when decently interr'd,
The dying charge to'r mind recurr'd:
" Yes! I'll fulfil this laſt requeſt!
" (Quoth PATSEY) but what method beſt?
" Suppoſe, (her heart began to ſay)
" Suppoſe 'twere done the nuptial way?—
" No doubt but I might flaunt for life,
" A glitt'ring, and a wretched wife.
" Tho' HODGE has little, I have ſtore,
" What mod'rate pair wou'd wiſh for more?
" By bearing well his adverſe fate,
" His merit claims a happier ſtate!
" An honeſt heart in nature's veſt,
" Will make a rural virgin bleſt!
" And HODGE is young, and tall, and ſtrait,
" Of gentle blood, tho' ſmall eſtate.
" His Father loſt, with juſt applauſe,
" His fortune in his Country's cauſe!
She ſaid, and for the farmer ſent,
And gave ſuch hints of what ſhe meant,
That ev'ry Eve for half a year,
He came with neither ſhame nor fear!—

He came! but ſeldom went away
'Till midnight, or the dawn of day!—
The morn was fix'd;—the knot was ty'd;—
HODGE to the *manſion* leads his bride;
Succeeds the 'Squire in lands, and ſtore;—
And cloaths, and feeds, the neigh'bring poor;
And 'tis the univerſal cry,
Earth hold! and want him long the ſky!

MORAL.

If bliſs for bliſs ſtill paſs'd, and woe for woe,
The lot of moſt were equal, *e'en below!*
Which ſtate the beſt, e'en reaſon ſprings a doubt,
The rich with anguiſh, or the poor without?
Or if a-while *apparent* wrongs obtain,
The virtuous mourners, and *o'erjoy'd* the vain,
Oft ev'n on earth, the ſhifted ſcenes we view,
Vice meets its own, and *worth* enjoys its due.

THE
POWER of INNOCENCE.
A TALE.

A Northern pair, we'll wave the name,
Rich, young, and not unknown to fame,
When firſt the nuptial ſtate they try'd,
With Poets' gods in pleaſure vy'd.
New to the mighty charm, they feel
A joy that all their looks reveal.

We love whate'er has pow'r to pleaſe,
So Nature's antient law decrees;
And thus the pair, while each had pow'r
To bleſs the fond, ſequeſter'd hour,
With mutual *love* enraptur'd glow,
And *love* in kind complacence ſhow.
But when *familiar* charms no more
Inſpire the bliſs they gave before,
Each leſs *delighting*, leſs was *lov'd*,
Now this, now that was diſapprov'd;
Some trifling *fault*, which *love* conceal'd,
Indiff'rence ev'ry day reveal'd.
Complacence flies, *neglect* ſucceeds,
Neglect diſdain and hatred breeds.
The wiſh *to pleaſe* forſakes the breaſt,
The wiſh *to rule* has each poſſeſs'd.
Perpetual war, that wiſh to gain,
They wage, alas! but wage in vain.
Now hopes of conqueſt ſwell the heart
No more—at length content to part.
The rural ſeat, that Sylvan ſhade,
Where firſt the nuptial vows were paid;
That ſeat atteſts the dire intent,
And hears the parting ſettlement.
This houſe, theſe fields, my Lady's own,
Sir JOHN muſt ride to town alone.
The chariot waits—they bid adieu;
But ſtill the chariot waits in view.
TOM tires with waiting long in doubt,
And lights a pipe—and ſmokes it out—
Myſterious! wherefore this delay?
The ſequel ſhall the cauſe diſplay.

One lovely Girl the Lady bore,
Dear pledge of joys ſhe taſtes no more;
The father's, mother's darling, ſhe
Now liſp'd and prattl'd at their knee.
Sir JOHN, now riſing to depart,
Turn'd to the darling of his heart,
And cry'd with ardour in his eye,
" Come, BETSEY, bid mamma good-by'e.'
The Lady, trembling, anſwer'd ' No—
' Go kiſs papa, my BETSEY, go.
' Sir JOHN, the child ſhall live with me—'
" The child herſelf ſhall chuſe, ſaid he."
Poor BETSEY look'd at each by turns,
And each the ſtarting tear diſcerns.
My Lady aſks, with doubt and fear,
' Will you not live with me, my dear?'
Yes, half reſolv'd, reply'd the child,
And, half ſuppreſs'd her tears, ſhe ſmil'd.
" Come, BETSEY, cry'd Sir JOHN, you'll go,
" And live with dear papa, I know."
Yes, BETSEY cry'd——The Lady then
Addreſs'd the wond'ring child agen.
' The time to live with both is o'er,
' This day we part to meet no more:
' Chuſe then'——Here grief o'erflow'd her breaſt,
And tears burſt out, too long ſuppreſt.
The Child, who tears and chiding join'd,
Suppos'd papa diſpleas'd, unkind;
And try'd, with all her little ſkill,
To ſooth his oft relenting will.
Do, cry'd the liſper, *pappy, do*
Love dear mamma!—Mamma loves you!

Subdu'd the force of manly pride,
No more his looks his heart bely'd;
The tender tranſport forc'd its way;
They both confeſs'd each other's ſway;
And prompted by the ſocial ſmart,
Breaſt ruſh'd to breaſt, and heart to heart.
Each claſp their BETSEY, o'er and o'er,
And TOM drove empty from the door.
Ye that have paſſions for a tear,
Give Nature vent, and drop it here!

THE HERMIT.

A TALE.

FAR in a wild, unknown to publick view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the chryſtial well.
Remote from man, with God he paſs'd the days,
Pray'r all his buſ'neſs, all his pleaſure praiſe,
A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd heav'n itſelf, 'till one ſuggeſtion roſe;
That vice ſhould triumph, virtue vice obey,
This ſprung ſome doubt of providence's ſway:
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenour of his ſoul is loſt:
So when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſt
Calm nature's image on its watry breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And ſkies beneath with anſw'ring colours glow;

But

But if a ſtone the gentle ſea divide,
Swift ruffling circles flow on ev'ry ſide,
And glimmering fragments of a broken ſun,
Banks, trees, and ſkies, in thick diſorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books, or ſwains report it right;
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd the ſcollop in his hat before;
Then with the ſun a riſing journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs;
But when the ſouthern ſun had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way;
His rayment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd;
And hail, my Son, the rev'rend Sire reply'd:
Words follow'd words, from queſtion anſwer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus ſtands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm around.
Now ſunk the ſun; the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober gray:
Nature in ſilence bid the world repoſe:
When near the road a ſtately palace roſe:
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they paſs,
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſs.

It chanc'd the noble maſter of the dome
Still made his houſe the wand'ring ſtranger's home:
Yet ſtill the kindneſs, from a thirſt of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive: the liv'ry ſervants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.
Then led to reſt, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the Zephyrs play;
Freſh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighb'ring wood to baniſh ſleep.
Up riſe the gueſts, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall;
Rich luſcious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte.
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cauſe of woe:
His *cup* was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret guiſe
The younger gueſt purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.
As one who 'ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Gliſt'ning and baſking in the ſummer ray,
Diſorder'd ſtops to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear;
So ſeem'd the ſire, when far upon the road,
The ſhining ſpoil his wiley partner ſhow'd.
He ſtopp'd with ſilence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous Actions meet a baſe reward.

While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds,
The changing ſkies hang out their ſable clouds;
A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſt to covert ſcud a-croſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns the wand'ring pair retreat,
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighb'ring ſeat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around:
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a deſart there.
As near the Miſer's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew;
The nimble light'ning mix'd with ſhow'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt,
('Twas then, his threſhold firſt receiv'd a gueſt)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the ſhiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls:
Bread of the courſeſt ſort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With ſtill remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd
In one ſo rich, a life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhou'd ſuch (within himſelf he cry'd)
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new marks of wonder ſoon took place,
In ev'ry ſettling feature of his face!

When

When from his veſt the young companion bore
That *cup*, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profuſely with the precious bowl
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoul.
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The ſun emerging opes an azure ſky;
A freſher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day;
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad maſter bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's boſom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cauſe appear,
'Twas there a vice, and ſeem'd a madneſs here:
Deteſting that, and pitying as he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various ſhows.
Now night's dim ſhades again involve the ſky;
Again the wand'rers want a place to lye,
Again they ſearch, and find a lodging nigh.
The ſoil improv'd around, the manſion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praiſe, but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bleſs the manſion, and the maſter greet:
Their greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt guiſe,
The courteous maſter hears, and thus replies:
Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly cheer.

He

He ſpoke, and bid the welcome table ſpread,
Then talk'd of virtue 'till the time of bed;
When the grave houſhold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with pray'r.
At length the world renew'd by calm repoſe
Was ſtrong for toil, the dapple morn aroſe;
Before the Pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant ſlept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O ſtrange return! grew black, and gaſp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only ſon!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more aſſault his heart.
Confus'd, and ſtruck with ſilence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the youth purſues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a ſervant ſhow'd the way:
A river croſs'd the path; the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the ſervant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs guide, and thruſt him in;
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his head,
Then flaſhing turns, and ſinks among the dead.
Wild, ſparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Deteſted wretch!—But ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer Man:
His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;

Fair

Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breathe thro' purpled air;
And wings, whoſe colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes diſplay.
The form etherial burſts upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.

Tho' loud at firſt the Pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do:
Surprize in ſecret chains his words ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous Angel broke,
(The voice of muſick raviſh'd as he ſpoke.)

Thy pray'r, thy praiſe, thy life to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne:
Theſe charms, ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an Angel down, to calm thy mind:
For this commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky;
Nay, ceaſe to kneel——Thy fellow-ſervant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let theſe ſcruples be no longer thine.

The Maker juſtly claims that world he made,
In this the right of providence is laid;
Its ſacred majeſty thro' all depends
On uſing ſecond means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uſes, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.

What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurprize,
Than thoſe which lately ſtrook thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet taught by theſe, confeſs th' Almighty juſt,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt!

The

The *great, vain man*, who far'd on coſtly food,
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry ſtands with goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the *cup*, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt.

The mean, ſuſpicious *wretch*, whoſe bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heav'n can bleſs, if mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.
Thus artiſts melt the ſullen oar of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And looſe from droſs the ſilver runs below.

Long had our *pious friend* in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again:
To what exceſſes had his dotage run?
But God, to ſave the father, took the ſon.
To all but thee, in fits he ſeem'd to go,
(And 'twas my miniſtry to deal the blow.)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,
Now owns in tears the puniſhment was juſt.

But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that falſe *ſervant* ſped in ſafety back?
This night his treaſur'd heaps he meant to ſteal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!

Thus heav'n inſtructs thy mind: this tryal o'er,
Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more.

On

On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The ſage ſtood wond'ring as the *Seraph* flew.
Thus look'd ELISHA, when to mount on high
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky;
The fiery pomp aſcending left the view,
The prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a pray'r began,
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.
Then gladly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

THE

MILLER of TROMPINGTON;

OR, THE

REVE'S TALE from CHAUCER.

AT Trompington, not far from Cambridge, ſtood
A-croſs a pleaſant ſtream, a bridge of wood,
Near it a *mill*, in low and plaſhy ground,
Where corn for all the neighb'ring parts was grown'd.
The ſturdy miller, with his powder'd locks,
Proud as a peacock, ſubtle as a fox,
Could pipe, and fiſh, and wreſtle, throw a neat,
Turn drinking cups, and teach young dogs to ſet.
Brawny, big-bon'd, ſtrong made was every limb,
But few durſt venture to contend with him.
A dagger hanging at his belt he had,
Made of an ancient ſword's well temper'd blade.

He

He wore a Sheffield whittle in his hoſe;
Broad was his face, and very flat his noſe;
Bald as an ape behind was this man's crown,
No one could better beat a market down.
But millers will be thieves; he us'd to ſteal
Slily, and artfully, much corn and meal.
This miller's wife came of a better race,
The parſon's daughter of the town ſhe was.
Her portion ſmall, her education high,
She had her breeding in a *nunnery*.
Whoe'er he marry'd (SIMKIN boldly ſaid)
Should be a maid, well-born, and nicely bred.
You'd laugh to ſee him in his beſt array,
Strutting before her on a holy day.
If any boldly durſt accoſt his wife,
He drew his dagger, or his Sheffield knife.
'Tis dang'rous to provoke a jealous fool;
She manag'd cunningly her ſtubborn tool.
To all beneath her inſolently high,
Walk'd like a duck, and chatter'd like a pye:
Proud of her breeding, froward, full of ſcorn,
As if ſhe were of noble parents born.
With other virtues of the ſame degree,
All learn'd in that choice ſchool, the *nunnery*.
Their daughter was juſt twenty, coarſe and bold:
A boy too in a cradle, ſix months old.
Thick, ſhort, and brawny this plump damſel was;
Her noſe was flat, her eyes were gray as glaſs.
Her haunches broad, with breaſts up to her chin,
Fair was her hair, but tawny was her ſkin.
A mighty trade this luſty miller drove,
All for convenience came, not one for love:

Much grift from Cambridge to his lot did fall,
And all the corn they us'd at Scholars-hall.
Their *manciple* fell dangerouſly ill;
Bread muſt be had, their griſt went to the mill.
This SIMKIN moderately ſtole before,
Their ſteward ſick, he robb'd them ten times more.
Their bread fell ſhort; the warden ſtorm'd; with ſkill
Examin'd thoſe who brought it from the mill.
The miller to a ſtrict account they call,
He impudently ſwears he gave 'em all.

Two poor young ſcholars, hungry, much diſtreſs'd,
(Who thought themſelves more wiſe than all the reſt)
Intreat the *warden* the next corn he ſent
To truſt it to their prudent management:
Both would attend him with ſuch care and art,
Defy him then to ſteal the ſmalleſt part.

At laſt the *warden* grants what they deſire,
All is got ready as theſe two require.
Bold men, tho' diſappointed, ne'er are ſham'd;
One was call'd ALLEN, t'other JOHN was nam'd:
Both northern men, both in one town were born;
They mount, and lead the horſe that bears the corn.
Be careful, ALLEN cries, and do not ſtray:
Fear nothing, he replies, I know the way.
Thus they jog on, and on the road contrive
To catch the thief, 'till at the mill they 'rive.

Ho SIM, ſays JOHN, what ho, the miller there?
Who calls, cries SIMKIN, tell me who you are?
How fares your comely daughter and your wife?
What, JOHN and ALLEN? welcome by my life!
The miller ſaid, what wind has brought you hither?
That which makes old wives trudge, brought us together.

Who

Who keeps no man, muſt his own ſervant be,
Our *manciple* is very ſick, and we
Are with the corn from our good *warden* come,
To ſee it grown'd, and bring it ſafely home:
Diſpatch it, SIM, with all the haſte you may.
It ſhall be done (he ſays) without delay.
What will you do while I have this in hand?
Says JOHN, juſt at the hopper will I ſtand,
(In my whole life I never ſaw griſt grown'd)
And mark the clack how juſtly it will ſound.
A ha, chum JOHN, cries ALLEN, will you ſo?
Then will I watch how it ſteals out below.
SIM, at their plot, maliciouſly did ſmile;
None could, they thought, ſuch learned clerks beguile.
He meant to caſt a miſt before their eye,
(In ſpite of all their fine philoſophy)
Neither ſhould find where he convey'd the meal;
The narrower they watch'd, the more he'd ſteal.
Theſe ſcholars for their flower ſhall have the bran;
The learned'ſt clerk is not the wiſeſt man:
Then out he ſteals, and finds, where, by the head,
Their horſe hung faſten'd underneath a ſhed;
He ſlips the bridle o'er his neck; the ſteed
Makes to the fenns, where mares and fillies feed.
Unmiſs'd comes SIM, finds JOHN fix'd at his poſt,
And ALLEN diligent, no meal was loſt:
Now do me juſtice, friends, he ſays, you can
Convince your *warden* I'm an honeſt man.
Now the great work is done, their corn is grown'd,
The griſt is ſack'd, and ev'ry ſack well bound:
JOHN runs to fetch the horſe; aloud he cries,
Come hither ALLEN; ALLEN to him flies.

O friend, we are undone—What mean you, JOHN?
Look, there's the *bridle*, but our horſe is gone!
Gone! whither? ſays he —— Nay heav'n knows,
not I——
Out bolts SIM's wife, and (with a ready lie)
She cries, I ſaw him toſs his head and play,
Then ſlip the looſen'd reins, and trot away.
Which way? they both demand——With wanton
bounds,
I ſaw him ſcamp'ring tow'rd yon fenny grounds:
Wild mares and colts in thoſe low marſhes feed.
Away the ſcholars run with utmoſt ſpeed,
Forget their former cautious huſbandry;
Their ſack does at the miller's mercy lie.
He half a buſhel of their flour does take,
Then bids his wife ſecure it in a cake.
I'll ſend theſe empty boys again to ſchool,
To plot and ſtudy who's the greater fool:
Look where the learned blockheads make their way,
Let us be merry, while thoſe children play.
Theſe ſilly ſcholars ran from place to place,
Now here; now there, unequal was the chace.
They call him by his name, whiſtle and cry
Ho *Ball!* but *Ball* is pleas'd with liberty.
At night into a narrow place they brought him,
Drove him into a ditch, and there they caught him
Weary and wet, as cattle in the rain,
ALLEN, and ſimple JOHN, come back again.
Alas, cries JOHN, wou'd I had ne'er been born!
When we return we ſhall be laught to ſcorn.
Call'd by the *fellows*, and our *warden*, fools:
Our griſt is ſtol'n, and we the miller's tools.

Thus

Thus JOHN complains; ALLEN without remorſe
Goes to the barn, and in he turns the horſe.
Both cold and hungry, wet and dawb'd with mire;
They find the miller ſitting at his fire.
We can't return, they ſay, before 'tis light;
So beg for lodging in your mill to-night.
SIMKIN replies, Welcome with all my heart,
I'll find you out the moſt convenient part.
My houſe is ſtraight, but you are learned men;
You can by dint of argument maintain,
That twenty yards, a mile in breadth comprize:
Now ſhew your art, and make a miller wiſe.
You're merry friend; but wet and clammy earth,
Hunger and cold provokes few men to mirth.
A man complies with neceſſary things,
Content with what he finds, or what he brings.
'Tis meat and drink we earneſtly deſire;
To warm and dry us with a better fire.
Look, we have coin to pay what you demand!
We ne'er catch falcons with an empty hand.
SIM ſends his daughter to a neighb'ring houſe
For good ſtrong ale, and roaſts a well-fed gooſe.
Tho' homely was this room, it was not ſmall;
They had no other, it muſt ſerve them all.
The daughter makes for theſe two youths a bed,
Lays on clean ſheets, with blankets fairly ſpread.
Twelve foot beyond, in the remoteſt place,
There ſtood another for their daughter GRACE.
The ſupper does with ſprightly mirth abound,
Each has his jeſt, the nappy ale goes round.
Nor the ſquab daughter, nor the wife were nice,
Each health the youths began, SIM pledg'd it twice.

The heady liquor ſtupifies their care,
But midnight paſt, they all to reſt repair.
The miller yawn'd, his eyes began to cloſe;
The wife got SIM to bed, he had his doſe.
She follow'd him; but ſhe was gay and light,
Her whiſtle had been wetted too that night:
She plac'd the child in cradle by her ſide,
To give it ſuck, or rock it if it cry'd.
The daughter too, when once the ale was gone,
Retir'd to bed; ſo ALLEN did, and JOHN.
Sleep on the moſt did inſtantly prevail;
The miller's luſty doſe of potent ale
Made him like any ſtone-horſe ſnort and ſnore,
The treble was behind, the baſe before:
The wife's horſe-tenor vacant parts did fill,
The daughter bore her part with wond'rous ſkill,
They might be hear'd a furlong from the mill.

When this melodious conſort firſt began,
Young ALLEN tumbling, puſhes his friend JOHN.
It is impoſſible to ſleep, he ſays,
I'll up and dance, while this choice muſick plays.
He cries, What means my brother?—ALLEN ſaid,
I mean to ſteal into the daughter's bed.
'Tis ſaid, the man who in one point is griev'd,
Ought in another point to be reliev'd.
Our corn is ſtol'n, and we like fools are caught,
The daughter ſhall repay the father's fault——
O ALLEN, he replies, think while you can,
'Fore heav'n the miller is a dangerous man!
Should he diſcover you, I would be loath
The thief ſhould wreak his vengeance on us both.

I fear

I fear him not, ſays ALLEN, I am young;
Tho' he's well-ſet, my ſinews are as ſtrong.
Then up he gets; *now friend good luck* (he ſaid)
The daughter's trumpet led him to her bed.
Half ſtupify'd with ale, ſhe ſprawling lay;
He ſoftly creeping in, ſoon hit his way;
Soon put all knotty queſtions out of doubt,
Stopping her mouth prevented crying out.
JOHN grumbling lay, while ALLEN's place was void,
Am I then idle, while my friend's employ'd?
He can revenge himſelf for all his harms,
He has the miller's daughter in his arms,
While I lie ſpiritleſs, benumb'd and cold;
I ſhall be jear'd to death, when this is told——
They nothing can perform, who ne'er begin;
Faint heart, they ſay, did ne'er fair lady win.
Then up he roſe, and ſoftly groaping round,
He found the cradle ſtanding on the ground,
Cloſe by the miller's bed; this uneſpy'd
He took, and ſet it by his own bed-ſide.
The miller's wife had no more griſts to grind,
(Some mills by water move, and ſome by wind)
The proper utenſil not plac'd at hand,
She roſe, by pure neceſſity conſtrain'd.
That grand affair diſpatch'd, and feeling round
Her huſband's bed, no cradle could be found.
Where am I? *Benedicite*, ſhe ſaid!
This is undoubtedly the ſcholars bed.
Then turning t'other way, her hand did light
Full on the cradle——Now, ſhe cry'd, I'm right.
Lifting the cloaths, into the bed ſhe leapt,
And cloſe to JOHN full harmleſly ſhe crept:

In a ſhort time he takes her in his arms,
And kindly treats her with unuſual charms.
She thought (ſtrange fancies working in her mind)
Some *Saint* had made her huſband over-kind.
Propitious ſtars this fortune did beſtow
On both, 'till the third cock began to crow.
Now ALLEN fancy'd light would ſoon appear,
He kiſs'd the wench, and ſaid, My GRACE, my dear;
Thou kindeſt of thy ſex, the day comes on,
And we muſt part——Alas, will you be gone,
She ſaid, and leave poor harmleſs me alone?——
If I ſtay longer, we are both undone;
For ſhould your father wake, and find me here,
What will become of me, and you, my dear?
That dreadful thought (ſhe cries) diſtracts my heart,
Too ſoon you won me, and too ſoon we part.
Then clinging round his neck, with weeping eyes,
She ſays, Remember me!—ALLEN replies,
I'll quickly find occaſion to return;
You ſhall not long for ALLEN's abſence mourn.
Farewel, ſhe cries! But, deareſt, one word more;
You'll find upon a ſack behind the door
A cake, and under it a bag of meal:
The flour my father and myſelf did ſteal
Out of your ſack; but take it, 'tis your own;
Be careful, love,——not a word more, be gone.
Now ALLEN ſoftly feeling for his bed,
By chance his hand laid on the cradle head;
And ſhrinking from it, ſaid (with no ſmall fear)
That rogue the miller and his wife lie there.
Turning, he finds SIM's palate, in he crept;
I'm right, he ſays, dull JOHN all night has ſlept.

Then

Then ſhaking him—Wake ſwineherd, ALLEN cries,
I've joyful news—What? grumbling SIM replies.
I am the luckieſt rogue——by this *no light*,
I have had full employment all the night:
The daughter kindly paid her father's ſcore,
All night I have embrac'd her——O the whore!
O thou falſe traytor, clerk! thou haſt defil'd
Our honeſt family, deflower'd our child!
Thy life ſhall anſwer it;—with that he caught
At ALLEN's throat: young ALLEN ſtoutly fought.
Both give and take, returning blows with blows;
But ALLEN ſtruck the miller on the noſe
With all his force; out flies the ſtreaming gore,
And down it runs: they tumble on the floor;
Then up they get, lab'ring with equal ſtrife:
SIM ſtumbled backward quite a-croſs his wife.
She faſt a-ſleep, none of this ſcuffle heard,
Wak'd by his fall, and heartily afraid;
Help *holy croſs* of Broholme! (O I faint)
Help my *good angel!* help my *patron ſaint!*
The *fiend* lies on me like a load of lead!
Remove this devil, this night mare, or I'm dead!
Then up ſtarts JOHN, and turns 'em from the wife,
Hunts for a cudgel to conclude the ſtrife.
Up gets the miller, ALLEN graſps him cloſe,
Both play at hard-head, ſtrugling to get looſe.
Out ſteps the wife, well knowing where there ſtood,
In a bye-corner, a tough piece of wood;
On this ſhe ſeiz'd, and by a glimm'ring light
Which enter'd at a chink ſaw ſomething white:
But, by a foul miſtake, 'twas her ill hap
To take his bald pate for the ſcholar's cap.

She lifts the ſtaff, it fell on his bare crown,
Strong was the blow, ſhe knock'd her huſband down.
O I am ſlain, the miller loudly cry'd,
Live to be hang'd, thou thief, ALLEN reply'd.
Away they go, firſt take their meal and cake,
Then lay the griſt upon their horſe's back.
To Scholars-hall they march, for now 'twas light,
Pleas'd with the ſtrange adventures of the night.
The wife the ſcholars curſes, binds his head,
Then lifts him up, and lays him on the bed.
O wife, ſays SIM, our daughter is defil'd,
That villain ALLEN has debauch'd our child.
Miſtaken me for JOHN, he told me all;
Ten thouſand furies plague that Scholars-hall!
O falſe abuſive knave! (the wife reply'd)
In ev'ry word the villain ſpake he ly'd.
I wak'd, and hear'd our harmleſs child complain,
And roſe to know the cauſe, and eaſe her pain.
I found her torn with gripes, a dram I brought,
And made her take a comfortable draught.
Then lay down by her, chaff'd her ſwelling breaſt,
And lull'd her in theſe very arms to reſt.
All was contrivance, malice all and ſpight,
I have not parted from her all this night.
Then is ſhe innocent? Ay, by my life,
As pure and ſpotleſs—as thy boſom wife.
I'm ſatisfy'd, ſays SIM. O that damn'd Hall!
I'll do the beſt I can to ſtarve them all.
And thus the miller of his fear is eas'd,
The mother and the daughter both well-pleas'd.

THE

THE COUNTRYMAN and his ASS.

A TALE.

AN Aſs once left his maſter's home,
(For aſſes ever lov'd to roam).
Vex'd at his loſs, the ruſtic hy'd
T' a neighb'ring town, to have him cry'd;
'Tis done! but ah! the hire and pains
Were vain, unfound the Aſs remains:
Next market-day he try'd once more,
But loſt his labour as before;
As twice ſucceſsleſs he'd eſſay'd,
The clown began to be diſmay'd;
But as rewards oft-times prevail,
When other means are known to fail,
Whoe'er ſhall bring him to the *cry'r*,
A pig ſhould pay their pains the hire:
The *cry'r*, a well-known, waggiſh blade,
That long was hackney'd in the trade,
With a loud voice bawl'd out, 'Whoe'er
'Will come, and ſolemnly declare,
'He never was in all his life
'In love, with widow, maid, or wife,
'On ſuch confeſſion inſtantly,
'A fat pig his reward ſhall be.'
A looby clown, who liſt'ning near,
Stood 'midſt the joſtling crowd to hear,

With

With nolſy zeal put in his claim,
And vow'd, 'He ne'er lov'd any dame.'
The *cryer* quickly ſeiz'd the lout,
And hawling him along by's ſnout,
Soon as he found his country friend,
Quoth he, 'Our ſearch is at an end;
'Here is the long-loſt *Aſs* of thine,
'Pray bang him well—the pig is mine.'

BRITANIC.

CARE and GENEROSITY.

A FABLE.

OLD *Care*, with induſtry and art,
At length ſo well had play'd his part,
He heap'd up ſuch an ample ſtore,
That av'rice could not ſigh for more:
Ten thouſand flocks his ſhepherd told,
His coffers overflow'd with gold;
The land all round him was his own,
With corn his crouded gran'ries groan.
In ſhort, ſo vaſt his charge and gain,
That to poſſeſs them was a pain;
With happineſs oppreſs'd he lies,
And much too prudent to be wiſe.
Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
With all the charms of youth array'd;
Good, am'able, ſincere, and free,
Her name was *Generoſity*.

'Twas

'Twas her's the largeſs to beſtow
On rich and poor, on friend and foe;
Her doors to all were open'd wide,
The pilgrim there might ſafe abide:
For th' hungry and the thirſty crew,
The bread ſhe broke, the drink ſhe drew;
There *ſickneſs* laid her aching head,
And there *diſtreſs* cou'd find a bed.—
Each hour, with an all-bounteous hand,
Diffus'd ſhe bleſſings round the land;
Her gifts and glory laſted long,
And num'rous was th' accepting throng.
At length pale *pen'ry* ſeiz'd the dame,
And fortune fled, and ruin came;
She found her riches at an end,
And that ſhe had not made one friend.—
All blam'd her for not giving more,
Nor thought on what ſhe'd done before.
She wept, ſhe rav'd, ſhe tore her hair,
When lo! to comfort her, came *Care*,—
And cry'd, 'My dear, if you will join
'Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine,
'All will be well—you ſhall have ſtore,
'And I be plagu'd with wealth no more.—
'Tho' I reſtrain your bounteous heart,
'You ſtill ſhall act the gen'rous part'.—
The bridal came—great was the feaſt,
And good the pudding, and the prieſt:
The bride in nine months brought him forth
A little maid, of matchleſs worth:
Her face was mix'd of care and glee,
They chriſten'd her *Oeconomy*,

And ſtil'd her fair *diſcretion*'s queen,
The miſtreſs of the golden mean.
Now *Generoſity*, confin'd,
Is perfect eaſy in her mind;
She loves to give, yet knows to ſpare,
Nor wiſhes to be free from *Care*.

THE MASTIFF.

A TALE.

YOUR deep obſervers of mankind,
Aſſure us conſtantly they find
A ſtrong propenſity of nature,
Rooted in every human creature,
To do what otherwiſe they would not,
When once forbid, becauſe they ſhould not.
This inclination, ſo perverſe,
Is laid by PARTRIDGE on the the ſtars.
Your rakes, with floods of elocution,
Charge it on chance, or conſtitution:
And out-of-faſhion folks believe
It ſprung from ADAM and from EVE.
But tho' your wits diſpute about it,
The fact itſelf was never doubted.
This truth t'illuſtrate, I have choſen
One common ſtory from a thouſand.
Let criticks at the fable quarrel,
There's no exception to the moral.
In days of yore (no need to ſhow
How many hundred years ago)

A pair

A pair there flouriſh'd, free from ſtrife,
Who liv'd, indeed, like man and wife:
Her temper mild and ſweet, abhor'd
To ſcold and wrangle at her board;
When in a fault her ſpouſe ſhe found,
She rarely, very rarely, frown'd.
In ſhort, ſhe gave him not occaſion
For half the trouble and vexation,
Which many a hen-peck'd-keeping varlet
Endures moſt meekly from his harlot.
Next door a captain chanc'd to ſhine,
Whoſe cloaths and equipage were fine;
A young and well-accompliſh'd heir,
Of gentle blood, and fortune fair;
For ever at the ladies call,
To deal the cards, or lead the ball;
To 'ſquire them to the church or play,
And ſenſe or nonſenſe ſing or ſay.
This youth ſometimes occaſion'd pain
In our too happy huſband's brain;
Yet of himſelf aſham'd, with care
He kept his dreams from taking air,
Elſe every goſſip in the town
Had roſe in arms, and fac'd him down,
She never knew, in all her life,
A dame more virtuous than his wife.
Before the wight was wholly freed
From theſe diſorders in his head,
Such buſineſs call'd him from his houſe
As ſcarce gave time to tell his ſpouſe;
He would have inſtantly been gone,
As being old enough, alone,

But ſhe, good woman! durſt not ſend him
Without a ſervant to attend him:
She kindly begs him not to ſtay,
When buſineſs was diſpatch'd, a day.
He promiſes, when in his pow'r,
He would not abſent be an hour.
Soon as conveniently they can,
Up mounts the maſter and the man;
When once ſet out, they travell'd faſt;
Yet e'er they half a mile had paſt,
His jealouſy began to riſe,
Thought he, as being deadly wiſe,
This captain now, behind my back,
Addreſſes to my wife will make:
'Tis true, I ſhan't continue long,
But ſhe is fair, and he is young;
And if it once be done, 'tis plain
It ne'er can be undone again.
I own I never yet could find
Her heart to gallantry inclin'd;
But then in ſuch a caſe, a man
Can hardly be too careful—JOHN,
Go, bid your miſtreſs keep at home,
Nor ſee the *captain* 'till I come.
JOHN gallops back, but on his way,
Thus, with himſelf, began to ſay;
And pray, where is it I am going?
And, what fool's errand am I doïng?
To make my miſtreſs, for her life,
A faithleſs, or a ſcolding wife?
At beſt ſhe'll wonder what he ails,
And fancy I've been telling tales;

Tho'

Tho' ſhe is yet, I dare be ſworn,
As blameleſs as the babe unborn;
Perhaps to be forbid may tempt one,
To with for what one ne'er had dreamt on.
I'll carry no ſuch meſſage home,
To cauſe my maſter's cuckoldom.
Thus fearful of foreſeen diſaſter,
And much diſcreeter than his maſter,
Reſolv'd full ſagely, back he came,
And frighted heartily the dame,
Who thought her lord had come to harm,
And broke at leaſt a leg or arm;
For JOHN made twenty hum's and ha's,
When queſtion'd what the matter was.
He was not like your ſervants now,
But of invention dull and ſlow;
He would not hammer out a lie:
The lady ſtood impatient by;
What ails your maſter? Tell me quick.
He begs you would not—Can't you ſpeak?
Not ride the *Maſtiff* 'till you ſee him;
What! does the fellow rave or dream?
You are not ſure 'twas all he ſaid?
Yes, indeed, madam—Is he mad?
Not ride the *Maſtiff!* What a whim!
Who ever thought of riding him?
Go back again from me, and pray
Deſire he'd let you with him ſtay,
Or find ſome wiſer meſſage, JOHN,
Hereafter to employ you on.
He went; and mother nature now
In madam's breaſt began to glow:

She mus'd; but ſtill the more ſhe thought,
The leſs ſhe found the meaning out.
Not ride the *Maſtiff!* Could it be
Merely to try his ſov'reignty,
When from her very wedding-day,
She ne'er was known to diſobey?
There muſt be ſomething in't to make
Him ſend a ſervant poſting back.
She never hear'd of it before,
Perhaps the maids might tell her more;
For maids, or thoſe that bear the name,
May ſometimes teach a wedded dame.
She thought the emptieſt of the two
Would ſooner blab out all ſhe knew;
But BETTY never *Touſer* rid,
Nor heard of any one that did.
Vex'd at her aſking ſuch a ninny,
She ſends her down to call up JENNY;
But ſlyer JANE could tell no more
Than ſimpler BETTY did before;
But ſtar'd with all the eyes ſhe had,
And thought her miſtreſs drunk or mad,
Who begg'd, and ſtorm'd, and begg'd again,
Yet prayers and threatnings were in vain:
She might as eaſily have ſought
To ſound the bottom of a plot;
Or, tho' a woman, ta'en occaſion
T' inquire the ſecret of *free-maſon*,
And how, as myſtick lodge ſuppoſes,
Duke WHARTON can ſucceed to MOSES,
No diligence there wanting was,
Yet ſo deplorable her caſe,

Through

Through ſervants obſtinate denial,
Nothing was left her but a trial.
Who ſhould the ſecret fact betray?
One word herſelf ſhe would not ſay;
What no one ſaw who ſhould reveal?
For ſure the *Maſtiff* could not tell.
Reſolv'd at length, ſhe calls him to her,
And ſhutting carefully the door,
She claſp'd his head, and ſtrok'd his ſide;
'Twas now no more than up and ride.
Faſt by his neck ſhe held, and thus
Mounted her ſtrong *Bucephalus*;
Nor found it difficult to get,
Without a ſtirrup, to her ſeat.
Touſer, unus'd to be beſtrode,
Groan'd ſorely at the wicked load,
And ſtrove all ways to diſencumber
His burden'd ſhoulders of their lumber;
Rear'd, and curvetted, and in fume
Trotted and gallop'd round the room.
But ſhe, who now or never thought
To find her huſband's meaning out,
Firm, though without a ſaddle, ſat,
And clung as cloſely as a cat.
But fortune often ſpoils the courſe,
Whether we ride on dog or horſe;
Under a table crept her ſteed,
Threw her, and broke her addle head.
Enrag'd and ſurly, up ſhe got,
Rail'd at her huſband for a ſot.
When he return'd, ſhe kept her ſeat,
Nor ſtirr'd to meet him at the gate.

Up ſtairs he went, and found her ill,
Silent, ſhe frown'd, and ſullen ſtill;
But could not ſcolding long refrain,
Or take it in poetick ſtrain:
At length the cloud that low'ring hung,
Burſt into thunder of her tongue;
Like lightning's flaſh her eye appears,
And rain fell plenteous in her tears.
See—what you made your *Maſtiff* do!
Did ever any man but you——
And on ſhe went; but there's no need
Of punctual telling all ſhe ſaid,
An extract may ſuffice: the dame
Full on her huſband turn'd the blame.
Stark ſtaring mad, he, to forbid it!
She, a poor innocent, that did it!
The Man, who knew not what was done,
Ran down amaz'd, and fell on JOHN.
Sirrah! what makes your miſtreſs rave?
What was the meſſage that you gave,
To break my wife's head? JOHN reply'd,
I bid her not the *Maſtiff* ride.
The maſter furious 'gan to look,
JOHN begg'd one word before he ſtruck:
Sir, had I charg'd her in your name,
To ſhun the *captain* 'till you came,
Doubtleſs the caſe had been the ſame:
Her forehead broke, your brow ſecures,
Or elſe the knobs had been on your's.

W.M.L. HARDING

THE

THE FOOL.

A TALE.

IF you mind but the moral my tale does unfold,
Tho' the ſtory be antient, 'twill never be old.
With the wiſe and the good, jeſt will do you no hurt,
But the fool or the knave makes you pay for your ſport.
In the merry brave days of the glorious Queen BESS,
When your men of much ſenſe fear'd not thoſe that had leſs;
'Twas the cuſtom of courtiers to keep a poor fellow,
Who ſhould joke by commiſſion in red, green, and yellow;
Who for one thing or other did moſt people fit,
Some were pleas'd with the garb, and ſome laugh'd at the wit.
A noble puff'd up, with his pockets well ſtor'd,
Not as a WALSINGHAM wiſe, but as fine as a lord,
Made a viſit, bedaub'd with embroidery all,
Where the Fool was unluckily ſate in the hall.
Not the rainbow, when brighteſt, more gorgeous could ſhow,
Nor a belle on a birth-night, nor bridegroom a beau.
Welcome brother, cries *Motley*, I ſee by the hue
Of your cloaths what you are; pray, ſir, whoſe Fool are you?

To this anſwer'd my lord in a peſtilent fume,
See him puniſh'd before I ſtir out of the room;
I wonder you'll keep theſe pied raſcals, I hate 'em,
'Tis mere *ſcandalum* this, I can tell you, *magnatum*:
So the maſter his orders was fain to diſpatch,
The poor Knave ſhould be whip'd at the buttery-hatch.
Execution was done, and he back was convey'd,
On his knees to beg pardon for what he had ſaid.
So with ſhrugging his ſhoulders, and tears in his eyes,
Straight down on his marrow-bones falling, he cries,
I'll ne'er call you Fool more; but a *wiſeman*, I know,
Would have ſcarce had me whip'd for the calling him ſo!

THE BASKET.

A TALE.

THERE flouriſh'd in a market-town,
To riches born, and riches grown,
A pair, who, free from flagrant ſtrife,
Had reach'd the middle-age of life.
The man was ſprung of gentle kind,
Not ill his perſon or his mind;
Expert at fiſhing and at fowling,
At hunting, racing, and at bowling;
Nor would he to his betters yield,
More in the houſe than in the field.
In country dances he had ſkill,
And play'd at whiſk, tho' not quadrille:

He

He knew what 'ſquire might wiſh to know, ſir,
But then, hard fate! he was a Grocer,
And, ſpite of all his wife could ſay,
Would ſometimes work, as well as play.
His wife was not unworthy praiſe,
As women went in former days;
Her beauty, envy muſt confeſs,
Exact her breeding, and her dreſs;
In her own family ſo good,
The maſter manag'd as he would.
When jars their union diſcompoſe,
Her paſſion often inward glows;
Her tongue in anger would ſhe hold,
And rarely condeſcend to ſcold:
Her voice not ſhrill, but rather ſweet,
Her conduct virtuous and diſcreet:
In ſhort, all ſlander ſhe defy'd,
One only failing malice ſpy'd,
One only fault,—but that was pride!
Her lord's ſuperior in degree,
As ſometimes better born than he:
None equal to herſelf ſhe view'd,
Throughout the ſpacious neighbourhood.
Th' attorney's wife the world allows,
Brought a large fortune to her ſpouſe;
But then 'twas leſs, as ſhe avers,
By full five hundred pounds than her's.
Her hands for ſugars were too nice,
She fainted at the ſtink of ſpice;
And fain her huſband would perſuade
To leave off ſuch a dirty trade.

For country laſſes, by the bye,
Can ſometimes bear their heads as high
As loftieſt matrons, who reſide
In ſtately manſions of Cheapſide;
Can be as proud of dow'r and birth
As e'er a princeſs upon earth.
None with our Grocer could compare
For trade, each market was a fair;
From whence may gentle readers know,
This thing was acted long ago.
One day his buſineſs ran ſo high,
His ſhop ſo throng'd with company,
So quick his cuſtomers demands,
He needed more than all his hands:
Down comes his wife with careleſs air,
But not to help him, never fear;
Far be from her a thought ſo mean!
She came to ſee, and to be ſeen;
Nor e'er intended to do good,
But ſtand i' th' way of them that would.
That inſtant in a ſervant comes
Poſt-haſte, for ſpices and for plumbs,
Who home had many a mile to go;
The Grocer peeviſh 'gan to grow,
To ſee his deareſt loiter ſo.
Howe'er he mild accoſts her,—Pray,
Or give your help, or go your way.
In vain he touch'd her on that ear,
She did not, or ſhe would not hear.
You ſee the footman cannot ſtay,
Pray lend your hand the things to weigh;

Why

Why otherwiſe did you come down?
She anſwer'd only with a frown;
But ſuch a frown as ſeem'd t' expreſs
Her dow'r, her beauty, and her dreſs.
Well! ſince you would not way the ware,
Pray put it in the baſket there.
She turn'd her back without rejoinder,
And left her ſpouſe to fume behind her.
Hold, hold! the things are now put in it,
I hope you'll do ſo much as pin it.
When a fourth time her huſband ſpoke,
The dame her ſullen ſilence broke,
With very ſhort, but full reply;
I pin your baſket! No, not I!
Enrag'd he ſnatch'd the footman's ſtick,
And laid it on her ſhoulders quick.
Amaz'd, as never ſtruck before,
And feeling much, and fearing more,
To hinder what might farther come on't,
She pin'd the baſket in a moment.
The man troop'd off in merry mood,
And laugh'd and tee-hee'd as he rode;
Pleas'd with the delicate conceit
To ſee ſo fine a lady beat:
He wiſh'd the deed at home were done,
And could not help compariſon;
For his own miſtreſs was as fine
As her that ſuffer'd diſcipline;
As proud, as high-born, and as rich,
But not ſo continent of ſpeech.
At dinner-time, the waggiſh knave
By turns was fleering, and was grave;

Now bites his lips, and quickly after
Burſts out unwilling into laughter.
Quoth madam, with majeſtick look,
(Who ſervants freedom could not brook,
Nor laughter in her preſence bear)
What ails the ſaucy fellow there?
Does not the fool his diſtance know?
What makes the coxcomb giggle ſo?
But angry words and looks were vain,
Again he giggles, and again.
Nay, ſays his maſter, Tom, at leaſt,
If you muſt laugh ſo, tell the jeſt;
That, if 'tis worth our joining, we
In mirth may bear you company.
Tom up and told the ſtory roundly,
How a fair dame was cudgell'd ſoundly,
Scarce madam hear'd the whole narration,
Before ſhe fell in monſtrous paſſion:
Was ever any thing ſo baſe?
At noon-day! in the market-place!
A woman ſo well-bred as ſhe!
Her fortune! and her family!
The huſband fain, with ſober ſenſe,
Would curb her tide of eloquence:
But your true vixen will, for no man,
Forbear defending of a woman;
And, let the cauſe be bad or good,
Fights tooth and nail for ſiſterhood.
Her viſits are among the beſt!
No lady e'er was better dreſt!
And was it proper, pray, that ſhe
Should touch his naſty grocery?

Not

Not pin the baſket! Beat her for it!
I did not think ſhe would have bore it!
How could ſhe help it, pray, my dear?
What! do you too the raſcal clear?
A paltry rogue! a woman ſtrike!
I think you men are all alike.
  Tom now grew merrier, not ſadder,
Which made his miſtreſs ten times madder;
Who ſtarted up in fury ſtrait,
And vow'd to break the raſcal's pate.
Her huſband riſes to aſſuage
Th' o'erbearing tempeſt of her rage,
But happen'd not her hand to mind,
And caught the rap for Tom deſign'd;
Who, not approving of the jeſt,
Return'd it ſoon with intereſt.
Tom ſaw, in caſes of that nature,
'Twas dangerous to be mediator;
So ran down ſtairs, as was but fitting,
Aud left his miſtreſs to her beating.
  Below-ſtairs was a kitchen-maid,
To whom our Tom had courtſhip paid;
Tho' ſtrong of limbs, of courage ſtout,
She argued oft'ner than ſhe fought;
As cool as heart could well deſire,
For one ſo converſant in fire.
Says Moll, above-ſtairs what's the matter?
I never hear'd ſo loud a clatter.
For fear of ſpoiling his amour, he
Was backward to relate the ſtory,
Suſpecting much, tho' ſweet-hearts, whether
By the ears they might not fall together.

I ſhould

I ſhould be ſorry, MOLL, to ſee
A diff'rence riſe 'twixt you and me;
'Tis but a trifle, let it go;
What ſignifies for you to know?
Nay, then I muſt—ſo out it came,
And put her womanhood in flame:
She her reſentment could not ſtifle,
A trifle ſaid you, TOM? a trifle!
I think my miſtreſs in the-right,
With women none but cowards fight:
A gentlewoman ſo to maul!
A brutiſh fellow after all.
Quoth TOM, a ſore affront was done him,
By turning her backſide upon him.
MOLL thought ſhe ſafely might be ſmart,
With priviledge of a ſweet-heart;
Do you excuſe him? very fine!
I'd make him kiſs it, were it mine!
TOM might have let the matter die,
By this time, in civility;
For if both ſides diſdain to bend,
How ſhould a quarrel have an end?
But things, alas! too far were gone,
And one word drew another on,
Apace their paſſion higher roſe,
From words they quickly fell to blows;
Honour concern'd, they both would try for't,
And both are daring, tho' they die for't,
The ſtrokes ſo luſtily were laid,
The lover and his dear cook-maid,
Spite of the mutual love they boaſted,
Were both confoundedly rib-roaſted;

They

They box'd like any man and wife:
So quick the progreſs is of ſtrife,
It matters not how ſmall the grain,
If but continual be the train;
Sufficient the firſt ſpark is found,
Fire ſudden ſkims along the ground,
And flaſhes lightning all around.

The fact thus plainly laid before ye,
What is the purport of the ſtory?
A double moral may become it,
And juſtly each may follow from it:
From hence may fools the danger learn
Of meddling where they have no concern;
And males and females may beware
Not to adopt another's jar:
And thoſe, who will, with half an eye
The main inſtruction may deſcry;
If you're too weak to win the field,
'Tis beſt without a combat yield:
Whene'er your huſbands pleaſe to aſk it,
Run! fly! ye wives, and pin the baſket.

THE HYP-DOCTOR;

OR, THE CHAMBER-MAID DISCARDED.

A TALE.

MAGGOT pretends to ſome diſcerning
In *phyſick* 'mongſt his other learning;
His health employs his daily care;
He purges now, now takes the air.
With all his various arts and ſkill,
Th' unhappy man ſucceeds but ill;
His conſtitution moſt perverſe,
Each day by regimen grows worſe.
The *jordan* now is ſet aſide,
And every day his *water* try'd:
By this phyſicians ſeldom fail
To gueſs at what their patients ail;
And by this *water* hangs a *tale*.
A *nymph*, who of his room took care,
Nor over-young, nor over-fair;
As ſhe aſſiduous round the room
Ply'd her duſt-diſſipating broom,
Perceiv'd, her water fain would flow
From its accuſtom'd vent below;
And haſt'ning ſtraitway to the place,
Where ſtood the *urinary vaſe*,

Taking

Taking the *utenſil*, ſhe pours
Forth from within moſt copious ſhow'rs:
The waters kindly join, as *ale*
Mix'd by my landlord, *mild* and *ſtale*.
The ſacred ſtreams of *Alpheus*, ſo
With *Arethuſa*'s waters flow.
MAGGOT returns, the day being fair,
After his compliment of air;
He takes the *pot*, the *ſmell* was ſtrange,
And wonderful! the *colours* change;
To find what ſecret lurks within,
He *taſtes*, and *looks*, then taſtes again;
" Zo—ns (he cries out) *I'm grown* a woman,
" This water could be made by no man.
" Hah! how can this be reconcil'd?—
" By —— I'm certainly with child."
He fancy'd now his belly roſe,
And now he feels a mother's throws;
Of pangs unknown, now ſore afraid,
He begs LOCINA's future aid.
What man alive can bear the curſe
Of tatling goſſips, midwife, nurſe?
To feed on *ſlops* was not ſo cruel:
He long had liv'd on *water-gruel*.—
But leſt digreſſion in my ſong
Should tire your patience—'ere 'twas long
The *damſel* had the ſame occaſion,
Which would admit no prorogation.
She eas'd her, as ſhe did before,
When MAG. by chance approach'd the door,
And heard a murmur, as of rills
Falling 'mongſt pebbles down the hills.

He

He wonders what the noiſe ſhould be,
And turns with furious *haſte* the key:
The damſel can't the fact deny,
Her down caſt looks alone reply;
Whilſt he, enrag'd, fail'd not to rate her,
A ſaucy *jade!* to dare to ſcatter
Into her maſter's *pot* her *water!*
She ne'er muſt have the honour more
To make his bed, or ſweep the floor.
Howe'er poor MAGGOT's hugely-pleas'd,
Thus of his fancied burden eas'd;
Nor longer now afraid to ſtand
The *ſearch* of midwife's groping hand.

THE SPECIFICK; OR, A CORDIAL for the LADIES.

A TALE.

MISS MOLLY, a fam'd toaſt, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms,—but then ſhe had a tongue!
From morn to night, th' eternal larum run,
Which often loſt thoſe hearts her eyes had won.
Sir JOHN was ſmitten, and confeſs'd his flame,
Sigh'd out the uſual time, then wed the dame:
Poſſeſs'd he thought of every joy of life;
But his dear MOLLY prov'd a very wife.

Exceſs

Exceſs of fondneſs did in time decline;
Madam lov'd *money*, and the *knight* lov'd *wine*.
From whence ſome petty diſcords would ariſe,
As, *You're a fool*;—and, *You are mighty wiſe*.

Tho' he and all the world allow'd her wit,
Her voice was ſhrill, and rather loud than ſweet.
When ſhe began,—for hat and ſword he'd call,
Then after a faint kiſs,—cry, b'y, dear MOLL;
Supper and friends expect me at the *roſe*.
And, what, Sir JOHN, you'll get your uſual doſe!
Go, ſtink of ſmoke, and guzzle naſty wine:
Sure never virtuous love was us'd like mine!

Oft, as the watchfull bellman mark'd his round,
At a freſh bottle gay Sir JOHN he found.
By four the knight would get his buſineſs done,
And only then reel'd off, becauſe alone;
Full well he knew the dreadful ſtorm to come,
But arm'd with *Bourdeaux*, he durſt venture home.

My lady with her tongue was ſtill prepar'd;
She rattl'd loud, and he impatient heard:
'Tis a fine hour! in a ſweet pickle made!
And this, Sir JOHN, is every day the trade.
Here I ſit moping all the live-long night,
Devour'd with ſpleen, and ſtranger to delight;
'Till morn ſends ſtagg'ring home a drunken beaſt,
Reſolv'd to break my heart, as well as reſt.

Hey! hoop! d'ye hear my damn'd obſtrep'rous ſpouſe?
What! can't you find one bed about the houſe?
Will that perpetual clack lye never ſtill?
That rival to the ſoftneſs of a mill?

Some couch and diſtant room muſt be my choice,
Where I may ſleep uncurs'd with wife and noiſe.
Long this uncomfortable life they led,
With ſnarling meals, and each a ſeparate bed.
To an old uncle oft ſhe would complain,
Beg his advice, and ſcarce from tears refrain.
Old WISEWOOD ſmoak'd the matter as it was,
Cheer up, cry'd he! and I'll remove the cauſe.
A wond'rous ſpring within my garden flows,
Of ſov'reign virtue, chiefly to compoſe
Domeſtic jars, and matrimonial ſtrife,
The beſt elixir t' appeaſe man and wife;
Strange are th' effects, the qualities divine;
'Tis water call'd, but worth its weight in wine:
If in his ſullen airs Sir JOHN ſhould come,
Three ſpoonfuls take, hold in your mouth—then mum:
Smile, and look pleas'd, when he ſhall rage and ſcold,
Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold;
One month this ſympathetic med'cine try'd,
He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.
But, deareſt niece, keep this grand ſecret cloſe,
Or ev'ry prat'ling huſſey 'll beg a doſe.
A water-bottle's brought for her relief;
Not *Nants* could ſooner eaſe the lady's grief:
Her buſy thoughts are on the tryal bent,
And, female-like, impatient for th' event:
The bonny *knight* reels home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for clamour, and domeſtic war.
Entring, he cries,—hey! where's our thunder fled?
No hurricane! BETTY's your lady dead?

Madam

Madam, aſide, an ample mouthful takes,
Curt'ſy's, looks kind, but not a word ſhe ſpeaks:
Wond'ring, he ſtar'd, ſcarcely his eyes believ'd,
But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.
Why how now, MOLLY, what's the crotchet now?
She ſmiles, and anſwers only with a bow.
Then claſping her about—Why, let me die!
Theſe night-clothes, MOLL, become thee mightily!
With that, he ſigh'd, her hand began to preſs,
And BETTY calls, her lady to undreſs.
Nay, kiſs me, MOLLY;—for I'm much inclin'd.—
Her lace ſhe cuts, to take him in the mind.
Thus, the fond pair to bed enamour'd went,
The *lady* pleas'd, and the good *knight* content.

For many days theſe fond endearments paſs'd;
The reconciling bottle fails at laſt;
'Twas us'd and gone.—Then midnight ſtorms aroſe,
And looks and words the union diſcompoſe.
Her coach is order'd, and poſt-haſte ſhe flies
To beg her uncle for ſome freſh ſupplies;
Tranſported does the ſtrange effects relate,
Her *knight*'s converſion, and her happy ſtate!

Why, niece, ſays he,—I prithee apprehend;
The water's water:—Be thyſelf thy friend;
Such beauty would the coldeſt huſband warm,
But your provoking tongue undoes the charm:
Be ſilent, and complying,—you'll ſoon find
Sir JOHN, without a med'cine, will be kind.

THE
HYP-LOVER:
OR, THE
FATAL DISCOVERY.

TWO College Sophs, of *Cambridge* growth,
Both ſpecial wits, and lovers both,
Conferring, as they us'd to meet,
On love and books, in rapture ſweet;
(Muſe, find me names to fit my metre,
CASSINUS this, and t'other PETER)
Friend PETER to CASSINUS goes,
To chat a while, and warm his noſe:
But ſuch a ſight was never ſeen,
The lad lay ſwallow'd up in ſpleen;
He ſeem'd as juſt crept out of bed,
One greaſy ſtocking round his head;
The t'other he ſat down to darn
With threads of diff'rent-colour'd yarn.
His breeches torn, expoſing wide
A ragged ſhirt, and tawny hide.
Scorch'd were his ſhins, his legs were bare,
But well imbrown'd with dirt and hair.
A rug was o'er his ſhoulders thrown;
A rug, for night-gown he had none.
His jordan ſtood, in manner fitting,
Between his legs, to ſpew or ſpit in.

His

His ancient pipe in ſable dy'd,
And half unſmoak'd, lay by his ſide.
Him, thus accoutr'd, PETER found,
With eyes in ſmoak and weeping drown'd:
The leavings of his laſt night's pot
On embers plac'd, to drink it hot.
Why CASSY, thou wilt doſe thy pate:
What makes thee lie a bed ſo late?
The finch, the linnet, and the thruſh,
Their mattins chaunt in ev'ry buſh;
And I have heard thee oft ſalute
AURORA with thy early flute.
Heav'n ſend thou haſt not got the hyps!'
How! not a word come from thy lips?
Then gave him ſome familiar thumps;
A college joke, to cure the dumps.
The ſwain at laſt, with grief oppreſt,
Cry'd CÆLIA thrice, and ſigh'd the reſt.
Dear CASSY, tho' to aſk I dread,
Yet aſk I muſt: Is CÆLIA dead.
How happy I, were that the worſt!
But I was fated to be curſt.
Come, tell us, has ſhe play'd the whore?'
Oh! PETER, would it were no more.
Why, plague confound her ſandy locks;
Say, has the ſmall, or greater pox
Sunk down her noſe, or ſeam'd her face?
Be eaſy, 'tis a common caſe.
O PETER! beauty's but a varniſh,
Which time and accident will tarniſh:
But CÆLIA has contriv'd to blaſt
Thoſe beauty's that might ever laſt.

Nor can imagination gueſs,
No eloquence divine expreſs,
How that ungrateful, charming maid,
My pureſt paſſion has betray'd.
Conceive the moſt envenom'd dart,
To pierce an injur'd lover's heart.
Why, hang her, tho' ſhe ſeem'd ſo coy,
I know ſhe loves the barber's boy.
Friend PETER, this I could excuſe,
For ev'ry nymph has leave to chuſe;
Nor have I reaſon to complain:
She loves a more deſerving ſwain.
But, oh! how ill haſt thou divin'd
A crime, that ſhocks all human-kind.
A deed unknown to female race,
At which the ſun ſhould hide his face.
Advice in vain you would apply——
Then leave me to deſpair and die.
Yet, kind *Arcadians*, on my urn,
Theſe elegies and ſonnets burn;
And on the marble grave theſe rhimes,
A monument to after-times.
" Here CASSY lies, by CÆLIA ſlain,
" And dying, never told his pain.
Vain empty world farewel. But, hark!
The loud *Cerberian* triple bark.
And there—behold ALECTO ſtand,
A whip of ſcorpions in her hand.
Lo! CHARON from his leaky wherry,
Beck'ning to waft me o'er the ferry.
I come, I come:—MEDUSA, ſee,
Her ſerpents hiſs, direct at me.

Begone;

Begone; unhand me, helliſh fry:
Avaunt—ye cannot ſay 'twas I.
Dear CASSY, thou muſt purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad, indeed:
But now, by friendſhip's ſacred laws,
I here conjure thee, tell the cauſe;
And CÆLIA's horrid fact relate;
Thy friend would gladly ſhare thy fate.
To force it out, my heart muſt rend:
Yet, when conjur'd by ſuch a friend——
Think, PETER, how thy ſoul is rack'd;
Theſe eyes, theſe eyes beheld the fact.
Now bend thine ear, ſince out it muſt:
But, when thou ſeeſt me laid in duſt,
The ſecret thou ſhall ne'er impart;
Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart;
(How would her virgin ſoul bemoan,
A crime to all her ſex unknown!)
Nor whiſper to the tattling reeds,
The blackeſt of all female deeds;
Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
Where ECHO ſits, and liſt'ning mocks.
Nor let the Zephyr's treach'rous gale,
Through *Cambridge* waft the direful tale.
Nor to the chatt'ring feather'd race,
Diſcover CÆLIA's foul diſgrace,
But, if you fail, my ſpectre dread,
Attending nightly round your bed.——
——And yet, I dare confide in you;
So take my ſecret, and adieu.
Nor wonder how I loſt my wits:
Oh! CÆLIA, CÆLIA, CÆLIA ſh—t's.

THE WHIMSICAL PROCLAMATION; OR, THE MAIDEN's WISH.

A TALE.

FROM *London*, PAUL the Carrier coming down
To *Wantage*, meets a beauty of the town;
They both accoſt with ſalutation pretty,
As, how do'ſt PAUL? Thank ye, and how do'ſt BETTY?
Didſt ſee our JACK, nor ſiſter? No, you've ſeen,
I warrant, none but thoſe who ſaw the queen.
Many words ſpoke in jeſt, ſays PAUL, are true,
I came from *Windſor*, and if ſome folks knew
As much as I, it might be well for you.
Lord, PAUL! what is't? Why give me ſomething for't;
This kiſs,—and this.—The matter's then in ſhort,
The parliament have made a proclamation,
Which will this week be ſent all round the nation;
That *maids* with *little mouths* do all prepare,
On *Sunday* next to come before the may'r,
And that all *batchelors* be likewiſe there.
For *maids* with little mouths ſhall, if they pleaſe,
From out of theſe young *men* chuſe two a-piece.
BETTY, with bridled chin extends her face,
And then contracts her lips; with ſimp'ring grace,

Cries,

Cries, hem! pray what muſt all the huge ones do
For huſbands, when we little mouths have two?
Hold, not ſo faſt, cries he, pray pardon me,
Maids with huge gaping *wide mouths* muſt have *three*.
BETTY diſtorts her face with hideous ſquawl,
And mouth of a foot wide, begins to bawl,
Oh! ho! is't ſo? The caſe is alter'd, PAUL.
Is that the point? I wiſh the *three* were *ten*,
I warrant I'll find *mouth*, if they'll find *men*.

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE;

OR, THE

PENITENT PRUDE.

A TALE.

DESPONDING PHYLLIS was endu'd
With ev'ry talent of a *Prude*:
She trembled, when a man drew near;
Salute her, and ſhe turn'd her ear;
If o'er-againſt her you were plac'd,
She durſt not look above your waiſt;
She'd rather take you to her bed,
Than let you ſee her dreſs her head:
In church you heard her, thro' the crow'd,
Repeat the *abſolution* loud;
In church, ſecure behind her fan,
She durſt behold that monſter *man*;
There practis'd how to place her head,
And bit her lips, to make them red;

Or,

Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the cieling,
And heave her boſom, unaware,
For neighb'ring beaux to ſee it bare.
At length, a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppoſe all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer feed.
The vicar and the ring beſpoke;
Gueſs, how could ſuch a match be broke.
See then, what mortals place their bliſs in!
Next morn, betimes, the bride was miſſing;
The mother ſcream'd, the father chid;
Where can this idle wench be hid?
No news of PHIL.! The bridegroom came,
And thought the bride had ſculk'd for ſhame;
Becauſe her father us'd to ſay,
The girl *had ſuch a baſhful way*.
Now JOHN the butler muſt be ſent,
To learn the road that PHILLIS went.
The groom was wiſh'd to ſaddle *Crop*,
For JOHN muſt neither light nor ſtop,
But find her whereſoe'er ſhe fled,
And bring her back alive or dead.
See here again, the Dev'l to do;
For, truly, JOHN was miſſing too.
The horſe and pillion both were gone!
PHILLIS, it ſeems, was fled with JOHN.
Old madam, who went up to find
What papers PHIL. had left behind,
A letter on the toilet ſees,
To my much honour'd father—theſe;

('Tis always done, romances tell us,
When daughters run away with ſellows)
Fill'd with the choiceſt common-places,
By others us'd in the like caſes,
" That, long ago, a *fortune-teller*,
" Exactly ſaid what now befel her;
" And in a *glaſs* had made her ſee
" A *ſerving-man of low degree*.
" It was *her fate*; muſt be forgiven;
" For *marriages were made in heav'n*:
" His pardon begg'd; but, to be plain,
" She'd *do't if 'twere to do again*.
" Thank God, 'twas *neither ſhame nor ſin*,
" For JOHN was come of *boneſt kin*;
" Love never thinks of rich and poor,
" *She'd beg with* JOHN *from door to door*.
" Forgive her, if it be a crime,
" She'll never do't *another time*.
" She ne'er before, in all her life,
" Once diſobey'd him, *maid* nor *wife*.
" One argument ſhe ſumm'd up all in,
" The thing was done, and paſt recalling;
" And therefore hop'd ſhe ſhould recover
" His favour, when his paſſion's over.
" She valu'd not what others thought her,
" And was——his *moſt obedient daughter*."
Fair maidens, all attend the muſe,
Who now the wand'ring pair purſues.
Away they rode in homely ſort,
Their journey long, their money ſhort;
The loving couple well bemir'd;
The horſe, and both the riders tir'd;

Their

Their victuals bad, their lodging worſe;
PHIL. cry'd, and JOHN began to curſe:
PHIL. wiſh'd that ſhe had ſtrain'd a limb,
When firſt ſhe ventur'd out with him:
JOHN wiſh'd that ſhe had broke her leg,
When firſt for her he quitted PEG.

But what adventures more befel 'em,
The muſe hath now no time to tell 'em;
How JOHNNEY wheedled, threatned, fawn'd,
Till PHILLIS all her trinkets pawn'd:
How oft ſhe broke her marriage vows,
In kindneſs to maintain her ſpouſe,
Till ſwains unwholſome ſpoil'd the trade;
For now the ſurgeon muſt be paid,
To whom thoſe perquiſites were gone,
In chriſtian juſtice due to JOHN.

When food and rayment now grew ſcarce,
Fate put a period to the farce,
And with exact poetic juſtice;
For JOHN is landlord, PHILLIS hoſteſs:
They keep at *Stains* the *Old Blue-Boar*,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

THE

THE ECSTATIC VISION; OR, THE JE NE SCAY QUOI. A TALE.

IT ſo befel,—a ſilly *Swain*,
Had ſought his Heifer long in vain;
For wanton, ſhe had friſking ſtray'd,
And left the lawn to ſeek the ſhade.
Around the plain *he* rolls his eyes,
Then to the wood, in haſte he hies;
Where, ſingling out the talleſt tree,
He climbs, in hopes to hear or ſee.
Anon, there chanc'd that way to paſs
A jolly *Lad*, and buxom *Laſs*;
The place was apt, the paſtime pleaſant;
Occaſion with her forelock preſent:
The girl agog, the gallant ready,
So lightly down he lays my lady;
But ſo ſhe turn'd, or ſo was laid,
That ſhe ſome certain charms diſplay'd,
Which with ſuch wonder ſtruck his ſight,
(With wonder much, more with delight)
That loud he cry'd, in rapture, what!
What ſee I, gods! *What ſee I not?*
But nothing nam'd; from whence 'tis gueſs'd,
'Twas more than well could be expreſs'd.

The

The Clown aloft, who lent an ear,
Strait ſtopt him ſhort in mid career,
And louder cry'd, *Ho! honeſt friend,*
That of thy ſeeing ſeeſt no end;
Doſt ſee the Heifer *that I ſeek?*
If doſt, pray be ſo kind to ſpeak.

THE
LADY's LOOKING-GLASS.

CÆLIA and I the other day
Walk'd o'er the ſand-hills to the ſea:
The ſetting ſun adorn'd the coaſt,
His beams intire, his fierceneſs loſt:
And, on the ſurface of the deep,
The winds lay only not aſleep:
The nymph did like the ſcene appear,
Serenely pleaſant, calmly fair:
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With ſecret joy I heard her ſay,
That ſhe would never miſs one day
A walk ſo fine, a ſight ſo gay.

But, oh the change! the winds grow high,
Impending tempeſts charge the ſky;
The light'ning flies, the thunder roars,
And big waves laſh the frighten'd ſhores.
Struck with the horror of the ſight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight;
And trembling vows, ſhe'll ne'er again
Approach the ſhore, or view the main.

Once

Once more at leaſt look back, ſaid I,
Thy ſelf in that large glaſs deſcry:
When thou art in good humour dreſt,
When gentle reaſon rules thy breaſt,
The ſun upon the calmeſt ſea
Appears not half ſo bright as thee:
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundleſs depth of love:
I bleſs my chain, I hand my oar,
Nor think on all I left on ſhore.
But when vain doubt, and groundleſs fear
Do that dear fooliſh boſom tear:
When the big lip, and wat'ry eye
Tell me, the riſing ſtorm is nigh:
'Tis then, thou art yon' angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and daſh'd by rain;
And the poor ſailor that muſt try
Its fury, labours leſs than I.
Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,
While love and fate ſtill drive me back:
Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,
I chid thee firſt, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

THE

THE RIVAL PAINTERS; OR, THE UNLUCKY BLUNDER.

IN *Italy*, as authors tell us,
There liv'd a Painter wond'rous jealous;
Tormented with a female evil,
Tempting and ſubtile as the Devil;
A ſlipp'ry *Proteus*, whom no chain,
No *Spaniſh* padlock could contain.
Thus ſhe created frequent ſmart
To ſpouſe's aching head and heart.
'Twas the chief buſineſs of his life,
How to confine this *Eel*, his wife;
Inventive noddle teems at laſt,
With an odd whim to hold her faſt,
Reſolv'd his pencil art to ſhow,
(Whate'er he can't perform below)
He drew a *Mule*, with dext'rous ſkill,
On the ſoft brow of VENUS' hill.
Thus if ſhe ſtray'd, he could, for certain,
Know it by drawing up the curtain.
But, ah! how vain our counſels are,
And all our plots againſt the fair.
Comes brother bruſh to take a bout,
So, *G—d knows how!* they rubb'd it out.

But,

But, as he was an honeſt brother,
Finding one gone, he drew another;
Forgetting what the firſt did lack,
He clapp'd a *Saddle* on his back.
CHLOE was hugely pleas'd, and ſmil'd
To think how *Seignor* was beguil'd;
Who reeling home one evening late,
With mellow looks, and jealous pate,
Vow'd he'd not take a wink of ſleep,
Without one dear departing peep.
Can you diſtruſt me, CHLOE cries,
Inhuman man! and wipes her eyes?
Put on your ſpectacles, and view it;
The *Mule*, my dear, is where you drew it.
The *Mule* I ſee is ſafe, my dear,
But, z——ds, who put the *Saddle* here?

ORPHEUS and EURYDICE.

A TALE.

HAPPY the lot! to view with raviſh'd eyes,
The fountains whence eternal joys ariſe.
Happy the flight! on angels wings to ſoar,
And ſcorn the earth, and wear her chains no more.
In *fable* this was taught by bards of old;
Tho' feign'd, inſtructive is the ſtory told.
When the inſpir'd *Thracian* loſt his mate,
And mourn'd EURYDICE's untimely fate;
Tho' his melodious notes the groves obey'd,
And danc'd in tuneful meaſures as he play'd;

Tho' rapid ſtreams a-while forgot to run,
And in his warbling accents loſt their own;
Tho', as his ſtrings the mighty artiſt play'd,
The hind ſtood liſt'ning by the lion's ſide;
The dog no more purſu'd the trembling hare,
And ſavages no longer ſavage were;
Yet all his art too feeble was to prove
A charm for ſorrow, or a cure for love.
Great was his pow'r, his anguiſh greater ſtill,
And his diſeaſe ſuperior to his ſkill;
His ſkill was fruitleſs on himſelf alone,
And he ſubdu'd all paſſions but his own.
To mighty JOVE his ſuppliant hands he rear'd,
But JOVE was deaf, nor his petitions heard:
To the *infernal pow'rs* he next apply'd,
And there the prevalence of muſick try'd;
Invok'd CALLIOPE, his mother's aid,
And the melodious ſtrains ſhe taught, he play'd:
He pray'd and ſung what artleſs woe could do,
Or love inſpire, which e'en imbitter'd woe;
King of the ſhades! reſtore my raviſh'd bride;
O, give me my EURYDICE! he cry'd:
EURYDICE, aloud the gloomy ſhades reply'd.
The wakeful CERB'RUS ceas'd his hideous roar,
Amaz'd at ſoothing ſounds unheard before;
The reſtleſs vengeance of the *Furies* ſlept,
And the inexorable *Siſters* wept;
IXION ſtopt, and liſt'ning o'er his wheel,
His doom ſuſpended, for a while ſtood ſtill;
TANTALUS crav'd the running ſtream no more,
But ſought with greedy eyes th' enchanting ſhore;

The

The *Vulture* reſpited the *Giant*'s pain,
And while he feaſted on th' harmonious ſtrain,
The wounds, forever doom'd to bleed, were heal'd again.
It is enough, the yielding monarch cry'd:
Muſick has vanquiſh'd *me*, redeem'd the *bride*;
Yet know, if, e'er you've paſt the bounds of night,
Tow'rds the lov'd prize thou caſt th' impatient ſight,
She's loſt forever; and her dear bought charms
Irrevocably vaniſh from thy arms.
But, oh! what ſov'reign pow'rs can lovers awe?
Love takes no dictates, but his own, for law:
Away he flew; yet e'er the limits croſt,
One glance, he cry'd, kind pow'rs, for all my coſt:
And thus EURYDICE was won, beheld, and loſt.
The *fable*'s moral to yourſelves apply,
Who look tow'rds heav'n with an unſteady eye;
If meaner objects ſhall the ſight prophane,
You ſeek the luſtre of the ſkies in vain,
Which like EURYDICE is loſt, nor found again.

TRUE RICHES;

OR,

VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

A TALE.

STILPO, of *ſtoic* caſt, who firſt
Stoutly refus'd to fear the worſt;
Who knew no ill could e'er befal,
Where conſcious Virtue's *all in all*;

When old ANTIGONUS's ſon,
So oft a king, ſo oft undone,
Like a tempeſtuous whirlwind came,
And ſet *Megara* in a flame;
Stript of his *all*, half naked went
To ſeek the haughty victor's tent;
The tyrant ſmil'd; but mov'd to ſee
Merit expos'd to *miſery*,
Order'd the captains of his hoſt
To give him back the goods he'd loſt.
STILPO the uſeleſs boon deny'd;
Forbear, miſtaken prince, he cry'd.
" I've nothing that I value loſt:
" Wiſdom and Virtue ſtill I boaſt
" Triumphant in my ſoul; the reſt,
" Meer joys of life, are but a jeſt."
Th' aſtoniſh'd monarch bluſh'd with ſhame,
Conſcious of STILPO's brighter fame:
" This man, he cry'd, has conquer'd more
" By *Virtue*, than my arms by *Pow'r*.
" Cities may burn, and empires fall,
" But *Virtue* triumphs over all."

CUPID AND CHLOE:

OR, THE

LUCKY FALL.

A TALE.

A Band of CUPID's t'other day
Together met to laugh and play;
When, on a ſudden, come, who flies?
Says one; but whither, t'other cries?
Why! whither but to CHLOE's eyes,
Reply'd a third. The wanton crew
(Like ſwarms of bees to roſes) flew
Around the beauteous virgin's face,
And crowded hard to get a place.
This on her ruby lip does fix,
Whilſt on her cheek another ſticks.
This ſwings upon her flowing hair;
In her fair eyes a lovely pair
Of youths ſtand with their torches lit;
Two others on her eye-brows ſit,
Each with his bow; amongſt the reſt,
One tumbles headlong on her breaſt;
But ſoon recovering his fall,
Cries out—*I've the beſt place of all.*

BAD ON BOTH SIDES;

OR, THE

WHIMSICAL CONTRACT.

TWO *Welſhmen*, partners in a Cow,
Reſolv'd to ſell her dear,
And laid their heads together how
To do't at *Ludlow* fair.
It was a ſultry ſummer's day,
When out they drove the beaſt,
And having got about half way,
They ſet them down to reſt:
The Cow, a creature of no breeding,
(The place with graſs being ſtor'd)
Fed by; and while ſhe was a feeding,
Let fall a mighty T——.
ROGER, quoth HUGH, I'll tell the what,
Two words and I have done,
If you will fairly eat up that,
This Cow is all thy own.
'Tis done, quoth ROGER; 'tis agreed,
And to't he went apace;
He ſeem'd ſo eager, that 'tis ſaid
He quite forgot his grace.
He labour'd with a wooden ſpoon,
And up he ſlopt the ſtuff,
Till by the time that half was done
He felt he had enough.

He

He felt, but ſcorning to look back,
Wou'd look as wanting more;
And ſeem'd to make a freſh attack,
As vigorous as before.
But ſtopping ſhort a while, he cry'd,
How far'ſt thou neighbour HUGH?
I hope by this you're ſatisfy'd,
Who's maſter of the Cow,
Ay, ay, quoth HUGH, (the Devil choke thee,
For nothing elſe can do't)
I'm ſatisfy'd that thou haſt broke me,
Unleſs thou wilt give out.
Give out, quoth ROGER, that were fine;
Why what have I been doing?
But yet I tell thee, friend of mine,
I ſhall not ſeek thy ruin.
My heart now turns againſt ſuch gains,
I know th' art piteous poor,
Eat then the half that ſtill remains,
And 'tis as 'twas before.
God's bleſſing on my heart, quoth HUGH,
That proffer none can gainſay;
With that he readily fell too,
And eat his ſhare of tanſy.
We're even now, quoth HODGE, no doubt,
And neither ſide a winner:
So had we been, quoth HUGH, without
This damn'd confounded dinner.

JUST AS YOU PLEASE;

OR,

THE INCURIOUS.

A TALE.

A *Virtuoſo* had a mind to ſee
One that would never diſcontented be,
But in a careleſs way to all agree;
He had a ſervant much of ÆSOP's kind,
Of perſonage uncouth, but ſprightly mind:
HUMPUS, ſays he, I order that you find
Out ſuch a man, with ſuch a character,
As in this paper now I give you here,
Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
Or rather, you ſhall meet with a worſe fate;
For I will break your back, and ſet you ſtrait.
Bring him to dinner——HUMPUS ſoon withdrew,
Was ſaſe, as having ſuch a one in view,
At *Covent-Garden* dial, whom he found
Sitting with thoughtleſs air, and look profound:
Who, ſolitary, gaping without care,
Did ſeem to ſay, Who is't goes any where?
Says HUMPUS, ſir, my maſter bad me pray
Your company to dine with him to-day.
He ſnuffs; then follows; up the ſtairs he goes;
Never pulls off his hat, nor cleans his ſhoes.
But looking round him ſaw a handſome room,
And did not much repent that he was come;

Cloſe

Cloſe to the fire he draws an elbow-chair,
And lolling eaſy does for ſleep prepare.
In comes the family, but he ſits ſtill,
Thinks, let them take the other chairs that will.
The maſter thus accoſts him; "Sir, you're wet;
"Pray have a cuſhion underneath your feet.
Thinks he, if I do ſpoil it, need I care;
I ſee he has eleven more to ſpare.
Dinner's brought up, the wife is bid retreat,
And at the upper end muſt be his ſeat.
This is not very uſual, thinks the clown;
But is not all the family his own?
And why ſhould I, for contradiction ſake,
Loſe a good dinner, which he bids me take?
If from his table ſhe diſcarded be,
What need I care, there is the more for me?
After a while the daughter's bid to ſtand,
And bring him whatſoever he'll command:
Thinks he, the better from the fairer hand.
Young maſter next muſt riſe to fill him wine,
And ſtarve himſelf to ſee the booby dine.
He does't.—The father aſks, what have you there?
Sir, 'twas *Champaigne* I gave him; ſir, indeed!
Take him, and ſcourge him till the raſcal bleed;
Don't ſpare him for his tears nor age: I'll try,
If cat with nine tails can excuſe a lie.
Thinks the clown, that 'twas wine I do believe,
But ſuch young rogues are apteſt to deceive;
He's none of mine, but his own fleſh and blood,
And how know I but it may be his good?
When the deſert came on, and jellies brought,
Then was the diſmal ſcene of finding fault;

They

They were ſuch hideous, filthy, poiſ'nous ſtuff,
Could not be rail'd at, nor reveng'd enough.
HUMPUS was aſk'd who made 'em: Trembling, he
Said, " Sir, it was my lady gave 'em me."
No more ſuch poiſon ſhall ſhe ever give,
I'll burn the witch, 'ti'n't fitting ſhe ſhould live;
Set faggots in the court, I'll make her fry,
And pray, good ſir, may't pleaſe you to be by.
Then ſmiling, ſays the clown, upon my life,
A pretty fancy this! to burn one's wife.
And ſince I find 'tis really your deſign,
Pray let me juſt ſtep home, and fetch you mine.

THE
CANONICAL QUIBLER;
OR, THE
PREVARICATION.
A TALE.

AN Abbot rich (whoſe taſte was good,
Alike in ſcience and in food)
His Biſhop had reſolv'd to treat;
The Biſhop came, the Biſhop eat;
'Twas ſilence, 'till their ſtomachs fail'd;
And now at hereticks they rail'd:
What hereſy (the Prelate ſaid)
Is in that church where prieſts may wed!
Do not we take the church for life?
But thoſe divorce her for a wife.

Like

Like laymen keep her in their houſes,
And own the children of their ſpouſes.
Vile practices! the Abbot cry'd,
For pious uſe we're ſet aſide.
Shall we take wives? Marriage, at beſt,
Is but carnality profeſt.
Now, as the Biſhop took his glaſs,
He ſpy'd our Abbot's buxom laſs,
Who croſs'd the room; he mark'd her eye
That glow'd with love; his pulſe beat high.
Fie, father, fie, (the Prelate cries)
A maid ſo young! for ſhame, be wiſe.
Theſe indiſcretions lend a handle
To lewd lay-tongues, to give us ſcandal;
For your vows ſake, this rule I give t'ye,
Let all your maids be turn'd of fifty.
The Prieſt reply'd, I have not ſwerv'd,
But your chaſte precept well obſerv'd;
That laſs full twenty-five has told;
I've yet another who's as old;
Into one ſum their ages caſt;
So both my maids have fifty paſt.
The Prelate ſmil'd, but durſt not blame;
For why? His lordſhip did the ſame.
Let thoſe who reprimand their brothers,
Firſt mend the faults they find in others.

HANS CARVEL.

HANS CARVEL, impotent and old,
Married a laſs of *London* mould:
Handſome enough; extremely gay;
Lov'd muſick, company, and play:
High flights ſhe had, and wit at will;
And ſo her tongue lay ſeldom ſtill:
For in all viſits who but ſhe,
To argue, or to repartee.
She made it plain, that human paſſion
Was order'd by predeſtination;
That if weak women went aſtray,
Their ſtars were more in fault than they:
Whole tragedies ſhe had by heart;
Enter'd into ROXANA's part:
To triumph in her rival's blood,
The action certainly was good.
How like a vine young AMMON curl'd!
Oh that dear conqu'ror of the world!
She pity'd BETTERTON in age,
That ridicul'd the god-like rage.
She, firſt of all the town, was told
Where neweſt *India* things were ſold:
So in a morning, without bodice,
Slipt ſometimes out to Mrs. THODY's,
To cheapen tea, to buy a ſcreen:
What elſe cou'd ſo much virtue mean?
For to prevent the leaſt reproach,
BETTY went with her in the coach.

But

But when no very great affair
Excited her peculiar care,
She without fail was wak'd at ten,
Drank chocolate, then ſlept again:
At twelve ſhe roſe; with much ado
Her cloaths were huddl'd on by two:
Then, does my lady dine at home?
Yes ſure;—but is the Colonel come?
Next, how to ſpend the afternoon,
And not come home again too ſoon;
The change, the city, or the play,
As each was proper for the day;
A turn in ſummer to *Hyde-park*,
When it grew tolerably dark.
Wife's pleaſure cauſes huſband's pain;
Strange fancies came in HANS's brain:
He thought of what he did not name;
And wou'd reform, but durſt not blame.
At firſt he therefore preach'd his wife
The comforts of a pious life:
Told her, how tranſient beauty was;
That all muſt die, and fleſh was graſs:
He bought her ſermons, pſalms and graces,
And doubled down the uſeful places.
But ſtill the weight of wordly care
Allow'd her little time for pray'r:
And CLEOPATRA was read o'er,
While SCOT, and WAKE, and twenty more,
That teach one to deny one's ſelf,
Stood unmoleſted on the ſhelf.
An untouch'd bible grac'd her toilet;
No fear that thumb of her's ſhou'd ſpoil it.

In ſhort, the trade was ſtill the ſame;
The dame went out; the Colonel came.
What's to be done? poor CARVEL cry'd:
Another batt'ry muſt be try'd:
What if to ſpells I had recourſe?
'Tis but to hinder ſomething worſe.
The end muſt juſtify the means:
He only ſins who ill intends:
Since therefore 'tis to combat evil;
'Tis lawful to employ the Devil.
Forthwith the Devil did appear,
(For name him, and he's always near)
Not in the ſhape in which he plies
At miſs's elbow when ſhe lies;
Or ſtands before the nurſ'ry doors,
To take the naughty boy that roars;
But without ſaucer eye or claw,
Like a grave barriſter at law.
HANS CARVEL, lay aſide your grief,
The Devil ſays: I bring relief.
Relief, ſays HANS; pray let me crave
Your name, ſir.—SATAN.—Sir your ſlave:
I did not look upon your feet:
You'll pardon me:——Ay now I ſee't:
And pray, ſir, when came you from Hell?
Our friends there, did you leave them well?
All well: but pr'ythee, honeſt HANS,
(Says SATAN) leave your complaiſance:
The truth is this: I cannot ſtay
Flaring in ſun-ſhine all the day;
For, *entre nous*, we helliſh ſprites,
Love more the freſco of the nights;

And oft'ner our receipts convey
In dreams, than any other way.
I'll tell you therefore as a friend,
Ere morning dawns, your fears ſhall end:
Go then this evening, maſter CARVEL,
Lay down your fowls, and broach your barrel;
Let friends and wine diſſolve your care,
Whilſt I the great receipt prepare:
To-night I'll bring it, by my faith;
Believe for once what SATAN ſaith.
Away went HANS; glad! not a little;
Obey'd the Devil to a tittle;
Invited friends ſome half a dozen,
The Colonel, and my lady's couſin.
The meat was ſerv'd; the bowls were crown'd;
Catches were ſung; and healths went round:
Barbadoes waters for the cloſe;
'Till HANS had fairly got his doſe:
The Colonel toaſted to the beſt;
The dame mov'd off, to be undreſt:
The chimes went twelve; the gueſt withdrew;
But when, or how, HANS hardly knew.
Some modern anecdotes aver,
He nodded in his elbow chair;
From thence was carry'd off to bed:
JOHN held his heels, and NAN his head.
My lady was diſturb'd: new ſorrow!
Which HANS muſt anſwer for to-morrow.
In bed then view this happy pair;
And think how HYMEN triumph'd there.
HANS, faſt aſleep, as ſoon as laid;
The duty of the night unpay'd:

The waking dame, with thoughts oppreſt,
That made her hate both him and reſt:
By ſuch a huſband, ſuch a wife!
'Twas ACME's and SEPTIMUS' life:
The lady ſigh'd; the lover ſnor'd;
The punctual Devil kept his word:
Appear'd to honeſt HANS again;
But not at all by madam ſeen:
And giving him a magick ring,
Fit for the finger of a king;
Dear HANS, ſaid he, this jewel take,
And wear it long for SATAN's ſake:
'Twill do your buſineſs to a hair:
For long as you this ring ſhall wear,
As ſure as I look over *Lincoln*,
That ne'er ſhall happen which you think on.
HANS took the ring with joy extream;
(All this was only in a dream)
And thruſting it beyond his joint,
'Tis done, he cry'd: I've gain'd my point.—
What point, ſaid ſhe, you ugly beaſt?
You neither give me joy nor reſt:
'Tis done.—What's done, you drunken bear?
You've thruſt your finger God knows where.

AN ENGLISH PADLOCK.

MISS DANAE, when fair and young
(As HORACE has divinely ſung)
Could not be kept from JOVE's embrace
By doors of ſteel, and walls of brace.
The reaſon of the thing is clear,
Would JOVE the naked truth aver:
CUPID was with him of the party,
And ſhew'd himſelf ſincere and hearty:
For, give that whipſter but his errand,
He takes my lord chief juſtice' warrant;
Dauntleſs as death away he walks,
Breaks the doors open, ſnaps the locks;
Searches the parlour, chamber, ſtudy,
Nor ſtops 'till he has CULPRIT's body.
Since this has been authentic truth,
By age deliver'd down to youth;
Tell us, miſtaken huſband, tell us,
Why ſo myſterious, why ſo jealous?
Does the reſtraint, the bolt, the bar,
Make us leſs curious, her leſs fair?
The ſpy, which does this treaſure keep,
Does ſhe ne'er ſay her pray'rs, nor ſleep?
Does ſhe to no exceſs incline?
Does ſhe fly muſick, mirth, and wine?
Or have not gold and flatt'ry pow'r,
To purchaſe one unguarded hour?

Your care does further yet extend;
That ſpy is guarded by your friend.——
But has this friend nor eye, nor heart?
May he not feel the cruel dart,
Which, ſoon or late, all mortals feel?
May he not, with too tender zeal,
Give the fair Priſ'ner cauſe to ſee,
How much he wiſhes, ſhe were free?
May he not craftily infer
The rules of friendſhip too ſevere,
Which chain him to a hated truſt;
Which make him wretched, to be juſt?
And may not ſhe, this darling ſhe,
Youthful and healthy, fleſh and blood,
Eaſy with him, ill-us'd by thee,
Allow this logic to be good?
Sir, will your queſtions never end?
I truſt to neither ſpy nor friend.
In ſhort, I keep her from the ſight
Of ev'ry human face.——She'll write.——
From pen and paper ſhe's debarr'd.——
Has ſhe a bodkin and a card?
She'll prick her mind.—She will, you ſay:
But how ſhall ſhe that mind convey?
I keep her in one room: I lock it;
The key (look here) is in this pocket.
The key-hole, is that left? Moſt certain.
She'll thruſt her letter thro'—Sir MARTIN.
Dear angry friend, what muſt be done?
Is there no way?—There is but one.
Send her abroad; and let her ſee,
That all this mingled maſs, which ſhe

Being

Being forbidden longs to know,
Is a dull farce, an empty ſhow,
Powder, and pocket-glaſs, and beaux;
A ſtaple of romance and lies,
Falſe tears, and real perjuries:
Where ſighs and looks are bought and ſold;
And love is made but to be told:
Where the fat bawd, and laviſh heir,
The ſpoils of ruin'd beauty ſhare;
And youth ſeduc'd from friends and fame,
Muſt give up age to want and ſhame.
Let her behold the frantick ſcene,
The women wretched, falſe the men:
And when, theſe certain ills to ſhun,
She would to thy embraces run,
Receive her with extended arms;
Seem more delighted with her charms;
Wait on her to the park and play;
Put on good humour; make her gay:
Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind;
Let all her ways be unconfin'd;
And clap your PADLOCK—on her mind.

Harding E 183

TO

A young Gentleman *in* Love.

A TALE.

FROM publick noiſe and factious ſtrife,
From all the buſy ills of life,
Take me, my CÆLIA, to thy breaſt;
And lull my wearied ſoul to reſt:
For ever, in this humble cell,
Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell;
None enter elſe, but love—and he
Shall bar the door and keep the key.
To painted roofs, and ſhining ſpires,
(Uneaſy ſeats of high deſires)
Let the unthinking many croud,
That dare be covetous and proud:
In golden bondage let them wait,
And barter happineſs for ſtate:
But, oh! my CÆLIA, when thy ſwain
Deſires to ſee a court again,
May heav'n around his deſtin'd head
The choiceſt of its curſes ſhed:
To ſum up all the rage of fate,
In the two things I dread and hate;
May'ſt thou be falſe, and I be great.
Thus, on his CÆLIA's panting breaſt,
Fond CELADON his ſoul expreſt;
While with delight the lovely maid
Receiv'd the vows, ſhe thus repaid:

Hope

Hope of my age, joy of my youth,
Bleſt miracle of love and truth!
All that could e'er be counted mine,
My love and life, long ſince are thine:
A real joy I never knew,
'Till I believ'd thy paſſion true:
A real grief I ne'er can find,
'Till thou prove perjur'd or unkind.
Contempt, and poverty, and care,
All we abhor, and all we fear,
Bleſt with thy preſence, I can bear.
Thro' waters, and thro' flames I'll go,
Suff'rer and ſolace of thy woe:
Trace me ſome yet unheard of way,
That I thy ardour may repay:
And make my conſtant paſſion known,
By more than woman yet has done.
Had I a wiſh that did not bear
The ſtamp and image of my dear;
I'd pierce my heart thro' ev'ry vein,
And die to let it out again.
No: VENUS ſhall my witneſs be,
(If VENUS ever lov'd like me)
That for one hour I wou'd not quit
My ſhepherd's arms, and this retreat,
To be the *Perſian* monarch's bride,
Part'ner of all his pow'r and pride:
Or rule in regal ſtate above,
Mother of Gods, and wife of JOVE.
O happy theſe of human race!
But ſoon, alaſs! our pleaſures paſs.

He thank'd her on his bended knee;
Then drank a quart of milk and tea;
And leaving her ador'd embrace,
Haſten'd to court to beg a place.
While ſhe, his abſence to bemoan,
The very moment he was gone,
Call'd THYRSIS from beneath the bed;
Where all this time he had been hid.

MORAL.

While men have theſe ambitious fancies;
And wanton wenches read romances;
Our ſex will——What? Out with it—lye;
And theirs in equal ſtrains reply.
The moral of the tale I ſing
(A poſy for a wedding ring)
In this ſhort verſe will be confin'd:
Love is a jeſt, and vows are wind.

PAULO PURGANTI, and his Wife:

An Honeſt, but a Simple Pair.

Eſt quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni virtute, quod deceat; quod cogitatione magis a virtute poteſt quam re ſeparari. Cic. de Off. L. 1.

BEYOND the fix'd and ſettl'd rules
Of vice and virtue in the ſchools,
Beyond the letter of the law,
Which keeps our men and maids in awe,
The better ſort ſhould ſet before 'em
A grace, a manner, a decorum;

Something,

Something, that gives their acts a light;
Makes 'em not only juſt, but bright;
And ſets 'em in that open fame,
Which witty malice cannot blame.
For 'tis in life, as 'tis in painting;
Much may be right, yet much be wanting:
From lines drawn true, our eye may trace
A foot, a knee, a hand, a face:
May juſtly own the picture wrought
Exact to rule, exempt from fault:
Yet if the colouring be not there,
The TITIAN ſtroke, the GUIDO air;
To niceſt judgement ſhow the piece;
At beſt 'twill only not diſpleaſe:
It would not gain on JERSEY's eye:
BRADFORD would frown, and ſet it by.
Thus in the picture of our mind,
The action may be well deſign'd;
Guided by law, and bound by duty,
Yet want this *Je ne ſcay quoy* of beauty:
And tho' it's error may be ſuch
As KNAGS and BURGESS cannot hit;
It yet may feel the nicer touch
Of WICHERLY or CONGREVE's wit.
What is this talk? replies a friend,
And where will this dry moral end?
The truth of what you here lay down
By ſome example ſhould be ſhown——
With all my heart,—for once; read on.
An honeſt, but a ſimple pair
(And twenty others I forbear)
May ſerve to make this *Theſis* clear.

A doctor of great skill and fame,
PAULO PURGANTI was his name,
Had a good, comely, virtuous wife;
No woman led a better life:
She to intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted:
She chuckl'd when a bawd was carted:
And thought the nation ne'er would thrive,
'Till all the whores were burnt alive.

On marry'd men, that dare be bad,
She thought no mercy should be had;
They should be hang'd, or starv'd, or flead,
Or serv'd like *Romish* priests in *Swede*.——
In short, all lewdness she defy'd;
And stiff was her parochial pride.

Yet in an honest way, the dame
Was a great lover of that fame;
And could from scripture take her cue,
That husbands should give wives their due.

Her prudence did so justly steer
Between the gay and the severe,
That if in some regards she chose
To curb poor PAULO in too close;
In others she relax'd again,
And govern'd with a looser rein.

Thus tho' she strictly did confine
The doctor from excess of wine;
With oysters, eggs, and vermicelli,
She let him almost burst his belly:
Thus drying coffee was deny'd;
But chocolate that loss supply'd:
And for tobacco (who could bear it?)
Filthy concomitant of claret!

(Blest

(Bleſt revolution!) one might ſee
Eringo roots, and bohea tea.
She often ſet the doctor's band,
And ſtrok'd his beard, and ſqueez'd his hand;
Kindly complain'd, that after noon
He went to pore on books too ſoon:
She held it wholeſomer by much,
To reſt a little on the couch.——
About his waiſt in bed a-nights
She clung ſo cloſe—for fear of ſprites.
The doctor underſtood the call;
But had not always wherewithal.
The *Lion*'s ſkin too ſhort, you know,
(As PLUTARCH's morals finely ſhow)
Was lengthen'd by the Fox's tail,
And art ſupplies, where ſtrength may fail.
Unwilling then in arms to meet
The enemy, he could not beat;
He ſtrove to lengthen the campaign,
And ſave his forces by chicane.
FABIUS, the *Roman* chief, who thus
By fair retreat grew MAXIMUS,
Shews us, that all the warrior can do
With force inferior, is *cunctando*.
One day then, as the foe drew near,
With love, and joy, and life, and dear;
Our don, who knew this tittle tattle
Did, ſure as trumpet, call to battle;
Thought it extremely *a' propos*,
To ward againſt the coming blow:
To ward; but how? Ay, there's the queſtion:
Fierce the aſſault, unarm'd the baſtion.

The

The doctor feign'd a ſtrange ſurprize:
He felt her pulſe; he view'd her eyes:
That beat too faſt; theſe rowl'd too quick:
She was, he ſaid, or would be ſick:
He judg'd it abſolutely good,
That ſhe ſhould purge and cleanſe her blood.
Spaw waters for that end were got:
If they paſt eaſily or not,
What matters it? The lady's fever
Continu'd violent as ever.

For a diſtemper of this kind,
(BLACMORE and HANS are of my mind)
If once it youthful blood infects,
And chiefly of the female ſex,
Is ſcarce remov'd by pill or potion,
Whate'er might be our doctor's notion.

One luckleſs night then, as in bed,
The doctor and the dame were laid;
Again this cruel fever came,
High pulſe, ſhort breath, and blood in flame.
What meaſures ſhall poor PAULO keep
With madam in this piteous taking?
She, like MACBETH, has murder'd ſleep,
And won't allow him reſt, tho' waking.
Sad ſtate of matters! when we dare
Not aſk for peace, nor offer war:
Nor LIVY nor COMINES have ſhown,
What in this juncture may be done.
GROTIUS might own, that PAULO's caſe is
Harder, than any which he places
Amongſt his *Belli* and his *Pacis*.

He

He ſtrove, alas! but ſtrove in vain,
By dint of logic to maintain,
That all the ſex was born to grieve,
Down to her ladyſhip from EVE.
He rang'd his tropes, and preach'd up patience;
Back'd his opinion with quotations,
Divines and moraliſts; and run ye on
Quite thro' from SENECA to BUNYAN.
As much in vain he bid her try
To fold her arms, to cloſe her eye;
Telling her, reſt would do her good,
If any thing in nature cou'd:
So held the *Greeks* quite down from GALEN,
Maſters and princes of the calling:
So all our modern friends maintain
(Tho' no great *Greeks*) in *Warwick-lane*.
Reduce my muſe, the wand'ring ſong:
A tale ſhould never be too long.
The more he talk'd, the more ſhe burn'd,
And ſigh'd, and toſt, and groan'd, and turn'd:
At laſt, I wiſh, ſaid ſhe, my dear——
(And whiſper'd ſomething in his ear.)
You wiſh! wiſh on, the doctor cries:
Lord! when will womankind be wiſe?
What, in your waters? are you mad?
Why poiſon is not half ſo bad.
I'll do it——But I give you warning:
You'll die before to-morrow morning.——
'Tis kind, my dear, what you adviſe;
The lady with a ſigh replies:
But life, you know, at beſt is pain;
And death is what we ſhould diſdain.

So

So do it therefore, and adieu;
For I will die for love of you.——
Let wanton wives by death be ſcar'd:
But, to my comfort, I'm prepar'd.

A true Story of

An APPARITION.

SCEPTICKS (whoſe ſtrength of argument makes out,
That wiſdom's deep inquiries end in doubt)
Hold this aſſertion poſitive and clear,
That ſprites are pure deluſions rais'd by fear.
Not that fam'd ghoſt, which in preſaging ſound
Call'd Brutus to Philippi's fatal ground;
Nor can Tiberius Gracchus' goary ſhade
Theſe ever-doubting diſputants perſuade.
Strait they with ſmiles reply; thoſe tales of old
By viſionary prieſts were made and told:
Oh might ſome ghoſt at dead of night appear,
And make you own conviction by your fear!
I know your ſneers my eaſy faith accuſe,
Which with ſuch idle legends ſcares the muſe:
But think not that I tell thoſe vulgar ſprites,
Which frighted boys relate on winter nights;
How cleanly milk-maids meet the fairy train,
How headleſs horſes drag the clinking chain,
Night-roaming ghoſts, by ſaucer eye-balls known,
The common ſpectres of each country town.

No,

No, I ſuch fables can like you deſpiſe,
And laugh to hear theſe nurſe-invented lies.
Yet has not oft the fraudful guardian's fright
Compell'd him to reſtore an orphan's right?
And can we doubt that horrid ghoſts aſcend,
Which on the conſcious murd'rers ſteps attend?
Hear then, and let atteſted truth prevail,
From faithful lips I learnt the dreadful tale.
Where *Arden*'s foreſt ſpreads its limits wide,
Whoſe branching paths the doubtful road divide,
A trav'ler took his ſolitary way;
When low beneath the hills was ſunk the day.
And now the ſkies with gathering darkneſs lowr,
The branches ruſtle with the threaten'd ſhower;
With ſudden blaſt the foreſt murmurs loud,
Indented lightnings cleave the ſable cloud,
Thunder on thunder breaks, the tempeſt roars,
And heav'n diſcharges all its wat'ry ſtores.
The wan'dring trav'ler ſhelter ſeeks in vain,
And ſhrinks and ſhivers with the beating rain;
On his ſteed's neck the ſlacken'd bridle lay,
Who choſe with cautious ſtep th' uncertain way;
And now he checks the rein, and halts to hear
If any noiſe foretold a village near.
At length from far a ſtream of light he ſees
Extend its level ray between the trees;
Thither he ſpeeds, and as he nearer came
Joyful he knew the lamp's domeſtick flame
That trembled through the window; croſs the way
Darts forth the barking cur, and ſtands at bay.
It was an ancient lonely houſe, that ſtood
Upon the borders of the ſpacious wood;

Here

Here towers and antique battlements ariſe,
And there in heaps the moulder'd ruin lies;
Some lord this manſion held in days of yore,
To chaſe the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar:
How chang'd, alas, from what it once had been!
'Tis now degraded to a public inn.

Strait he diſmounts, repeats his loud commands;
Swift at the gate the ready landlord ſtands;
With frequent cringe he bows, and begs excuſe,
His houſe was full, and every bed in uſe.
What not a garret, and no ſtraw to ſpare?
Why then the kitchen fire, and elbow-chair,
Shall ſerve for once to nod away the night.
The kitchen ever is the ſervant's right,
Replies the hoſt; there, all the fire around,
The count's tir'd footmen ſnore upon the ground.

The maid, who liſten'd to this whole debate,
With pity learnt the weary ſtranger's fate.
Be brave, ſhe cries, you ſtill may be our gueſt,
Our haunted room was ever held the beſt;
If then your valour can the fright ſuſtain
Of rattling curtains and the clinking chain;
If your courageous tongue has power to talk
When round your bed the horrid ghoſt ſhall walk;
If you dare aſk it, why it leaves its tomb,
I'll ſee your ſheets well air'd and ſhow the room.
Soon as the frighted maid her tale had told,
The ſtranger enter'd, for his heart was bold.

The damſel led him through a ſpacious hall,
Where ivy hung the half demoliſhed wall;
She frequent look'd behind, and chang'd her hue,
While fancy tipt the candle's flame with blue.

And

And now they gain'd the winding ſtairs aſcent,
And to the loneſome room of terrors went.
When all was ready, ſwift retir'd the maid,
The watch-lights burn, tuckt warm in bed was laid
The hardy ſtranger, and attends the ſprite
Till his accuſtom'd walk at dead of night.
At firſt he hears the wind with hollow roar
Shake the looſe lock, and ſwing the creaking door;
Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful ſound
Of rattling chains, that dragg'd upon the ground:
When lo, the ſpectre came with horrid ſtride,
Approch'd the bed, and drew the curtain wide.
In human form the ghaſtful phantom ſtood,
Expoſed his mangled boſom dy'd with blood,
Then ſilent pointing to his wounded breaſt,
Thrice wav'd his hand. Beneath the frighted gueſt
The bed-cords trembled, and with ſhuddring fear
Sweat chill'd his limbs, high roſe his briſtled hair;
Then mutt'ring haſty prayers, he man'd his heart,
And cry'd aloud; Say, whence and who thou art.
The ſtalking ghoſt with hollow voice replies,
Three years are counted, ſince with mortal eyes
I ſaw the ſun, and vital air reſpir'd,
Like thee benighted, and with travel tir'd,
Within theſe walls I lept, O thirſt of gain!
See ſtill the planks the bloody mark retain!
Stretch'd on this very bed, from ſleep I ſtart,
And ſee the ſteel impending o'er my heart;
The barb'rous hoſteſs held the lifted knife,
The floor ran purple with my guſhing life.
My treaſure now they ſeize, the golden ſpoil
They bury deep beneath the graſs-grown ſoil,

Far

Far in the common field. Be bold, ariſe,
My ſteps ſhall lead thee to the ſecret prize;
There dig and find; let that thy care reward:
Call loud on juſtice, bid her not retard
To puniſh murder; lay my ghoſt at reſt,
So ſhall with peace ſecure, thy nights be bleſt;
And when beneath theſe boards my bones are found
Decent inter them in ſome ſacred ground.
Here ceas'd the ghoſt. The ſtranger ſprings from bed,
And boldly follows where the phantom led;
The half worn ſtony ſtairs they now deſcend,
Where paſſages obſcure their arches bend
Silent they walk; and now through groves they paſs,
Now through wet meads their ſteps imprint the graſs;
At length amidſt a ſpacious field they came;
There ſtops the ſpectre, and aſcends in flame.
Amaz'd he ſtood, no buſh, nor briar was found.
To teach his morning ſearch to find the ground;
What could he do? the night was hideous dark,
Fear ſhook his joints, and nature dropt the mark;
With that he ſtarting waked, and rais'd his head,
But found the golden mark was left in bed.
What is the ſtateſman's vaſt ambitious ſcheme,
But a ſhort viſion, and a golden dream?
Power, wealth, and title elevate his hope;
He wakes; but for a garter finds a rope.

THE

THE LADLE.

THE Scepticks think, 'twas long ago
Since Gods came down *incognito*,
To ſee who were their friends or foes,
And how our actions fell or roſe:
That ſince they gave things their beginning,
And ſet this whirligig a ſpinning,
Supine they in their heav'n remain,
Exempt from paſſion, and from pain:
And frankly leave us human elves,
To cut and ſhuffle for ourſelves;
To ſtand or walk, to riſe or tumble,
As matter and as motion jumble.
The Poets now, and Painters hold
This THESIS both abſurd and bold:
And your good-natur'd Gods, they ſay,
Deſcend ſome twice or thrice a-day;
Elſe all theſe things we toil ſo hard in,
Would not avail one ſingle farthing:
For when the hero we rehearſe,
To grace his actions, and our verſe,
'Tis not by dint of human thought
That to his LATIUM he is brought;
IRIS deſcends by fate's commands,
To guide his ſteps thro' foreign lands;
And AMPHITRITE clears his way
From rocks and quick-ſands in the ſea.
And if you ſee him in a ſketch;
(Tho' drawn by PAULO or CARACHE)

He ſhows not half his force and ſtrength,
Strutting in armour, and at length:
That he may take his proper figure,
The piece muſt yet be four yards bigger:
The NYMPHS conduct him to the field;
One holds his ſword, and one his ſhield:
MARS ſtanding by aſſerts his quarrel:
And FAME flies after with a laurel.

Theſe points, I ſay, of ſpeculation
(As 'twere to ſave or ſink the nation)
Men idly learned will diſpute,
Aſſert, object, confirm, refute:
Each mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal arms ſuſtains the fight;
'Till now no umpire can agree 'em;
So both drew off, and ſing *Te deum*.

Is it in *equilibrio*,
If deities deſcend or no?
Then let th' affirmative prevail,
As requiſite to form my tale:
For by all parties 'tis confeſt,
That thoſe opinions are the beſt,
Which in their nature moſt conduce,
To preſent ends, and private uſe.

Two gods came therefore from above,
One MERCURY, the other JOVE:
The humour was (it ſeems) to know,
If all the favours they beſtow,
Could from our own perverſeneſs eaſe us;
And if our wiſh enjoy'd would pleaſe us.

Diſcourſing largely on this theme,
O'er hills and dales their godſhips came;

'Till

'Till well nigh tir'd at almoſt night,
They thought it proper to alight.
Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in diſguiſe a god or goddeſs
Exerts no ſupernatural powers,
But acts on maxims much like ours.
They ſpy'd at laſt a country farm,
Where all was ſnug, and clean, and warm;
For woods before, and hills behind
Secur'd it both from rain and wind:
Large oxen in the fields were lowing;
Good grain was ſow'd; good fruit was growing:
Of laſt year's corn in barns great ſtore;
Fat turkeys gobbling at the door:
And wealth (in ſhort) with peace conſented,
That people here ſhould live contented:
But did they in effect do ſo?
Have patience, friend, and thou ſhalt know.
The honeſt farmer and his wife,
Two years declin'd from prime of life;
Had ſtruggl'd with the marriage nooſe,
As almoſt ev'ry couple does:
Sometimes, my plague! ſometimes, my darling!
Kiſſing to-day, to-morrow ſnarling;
Jointly ſubmitting to endure
That evil, which admits no cure.
Our gods the outward gate unbarr'd:
Our farmer met 'em in the yard;
Thought they were folks that loſt their way;
And aſk'd them civilly to ſtay:
Told em, for ſupper, or for bed
They might go on, and be worſe ſped.——

So ſaid, ſo done; the gods conſent:
All three into the Parlour went:
They compliment; they ſit; they chat;
Fight o'er the wars; reform the ſtate:
A thouſand knotty points they clear;
Till ſupper and my wife appear.
JOVE made his leg, and kiſs'd the dame:
Obſequious HERMES did the ſame.
JOVE kiſs'd the farmer's wife, you ſay.
He did——but in an honeſt way:
Oh! not with half that warmth and life,
With which he kiſs'd AMPHITRION's wife.——
Well then, things handſomely were ſerv'd:
My miſtreſs for the ſtrangers carv'd.
How ſtrong the beer, how good the meat,
How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,
In epic ſumptuous wou'd appear;
Yet ſhall be paſs'd in ſilence here:
For I ſhould grieve to have it ſaid,
That by a fine deſcription led,
I made my epiſode too long,
Or tir'd my friend, to grace my ſong.
The grace-cup ſerv'd, the cloth away,
JOVE thought it time to ſhow his play:
Landlord and landlady, he cry'd,
Folly and jeſting laid aſide,
That ye thus hoſpitably live,
And ſtrangers with good chear receive,
Is mighty grateful to your betters,
And makes ev'n gods themſelves your debtors.
To give this *Theſis* plainer proof,
You have to night beneath your roof

A pair

A pair of gods: (nay never wonder)
This youth can fly, and I can thunder.
I'm JUPITER, and he MERCURIUS,
My page, my ſon indeed, but ſpurious.
Form then three wiſhes, you and madam;
And ſure, as you already had 'em,
The things deſir'd in half an hour
Shall all be here, and in your pow'r.
Thank ye, great gods, the woman ſays:
Oh! may your altars ever blaze.
A Ladle for our ſilver diſh
Is what I want, is what I wiſh.——
A Ladle! cries the man, a Ladle!
'Odzooks, CORISCA, you have pray'd ill:
What ſhould be great, you turn to farce:
I wiſh the Ladle in your A——.
With equal grief and ſhame my muſe
The ſequel of the tale purſues:
The Ladle fell into the room,
And ſtuck in old CORISCA's bum.
Our couple weep two wiſhes paſt,
And kindly join to form the laſt,
To eaſe the woman's aukward pain,
And get the Ladle out again.

MORAL.

This commoner has worth and parts,
Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts:
His head achs for a coronet:
And who is bleſs'd that is not great?
Some ſenſe, and more eſtate, kind heav'n
To this well-lotted peer has given:

What then? He muſt have rule and ſway;
And all is wrong, 'till he's in play.
The miſer muſt make up his plumb,
And dares not touch the hoarded ſum:
The ſickly dotard wants a wife,
To draw off his laſt dregs of life.
Againſt our peace we arm our will:
Amidſt our plenty, *ſomething* ſtill
For horſes, houſes, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him is wanting.
That cruel *ſomething* unpoſſeſs'd
Corrodes, and leavens all the reſt.
That *ſomething*, if we could obtain,
Would ſoon create a future pain:
And to the coffin, from the cradle,
'Tis all a WISH, and all a LADLE.

MERRY ANDREW.

A TALE.

SLY MERRY ANDREW, the laſt *Southwark* fair,
(At *Barthol'mew* he did not much appear;
So peeviſh was the edict of the may'r)
At *Southwark*, therefore, as his tricks he ſhow'd,
To pleaſe our maſters, and his friends the croud,
A huge neats-tongue he in his right hand held:
His left was with a good black-pudding fill'd.
With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
The clowniſh mimic traverſes the ſtage:

Why

Why how now, ANDREW! cries his brother droll,
To-day's conceit, methinks, is ſomething dull;
Come on, ſir, to our worthy friends explain;
What does your emblematick worſhip mean?
Quoth ANDREW, honeſt Engliſh let us ſpeak:
Your emble— (what d'ye call't) is heathen greek.
To tongue or pudding thou haſt no pretence:
Learning thy talent is, but mine is ſenſe.
That buſy fool I was, which thou art now;
Deſirous to correct, not knowing how;
With very good deſign, but little wit,
Blaming or praiſing things, as I thought fit.
I for this conduct had what I deſerv'd;
And dealing honeſtly, was almoſt ſtarv'd.
But thanks to my indulgent ſtars, I eat;
Since I have found the ſecret to be great.
O deareſt ANDREW, ſays the humble droll,
Henceforth may I obey, and thou controul;
Provided thou impart thy uſeful ſkill.
Bow then, ſays ANDREW; and, for once, I will.
Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he ſays;
Sleep very much; think little; and talk leſs:
Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong;
But eat your pudding, ſlave; and hold your tongue.
A reverend prelate ſtopt his coach and fix,
To laugh a little at our ANDREW's tricks:
But when he heard him give this golden rule,
Drive on, he cry'd; this fellow is no fool.

CUPID turn'd TIPSTAFF:

An Heroic-Comic TALE.

IN vain with weeping eyes the *Queen* of *Love*
Long ſearch'd heav'n over for her fav'rite *Dove*;
CUPID, concern'd to ſee his mother's pain,
Cry'd, ceaſe your tears——I'll find your *Bird* again.
To earth let's bend our courſe, full well I know
The *fair Purloiner*, and her lodgings too.
A thouſand little *Loves* around me ſtand,
All on the wing whenever you command.
Fly then this moment thro' the ambient air,
And I'll in maſquerade bring up the rear.
Bent on revenge, to CHLOE's houſe they fled,
('Twas one o'clock, and CHLOE was a-bed)
With lawleſs force they batter'd down the door,
Regardleſs of the neighbours or the hour;
Strait to the room, where the *fair* lay they run;——
Thieves, thieves, cries SUSAN; we are all undone.
CHLOE awak'd in terrible ſurprize;
Where, SUSAN where!—and rubb'd her lovely eyes.
But when ſhe ſaw her numerous mid-night foes,
Trembling, ſhe ſunk her head beneath the cloaths.
With a ſtern look the God approach'd the bed;
You are my priſoner;——'tis in vain to hide:
At VENUS' ſuit you here indicted ſtand;
Behold the *Warrant* made by her command!
By emulous pride, or ſecret malice ſtirr'd,
You've robb'd the *Goddeſs* of her fav'rite *Bird*.

She

She bluſh'd, and rais'd her face above the ſheet;—
'Tis a *Fob-action*, CUPID, let me ſee't.
By heav'ns I'm falſly charg'd!—My *Poll* I prize
More than her *Dove*, or any Dove that flies.
But ſearch for ſatisfaction where you pleaſe:—
SUSAN, come hither:—Give him all my keys.—
Her keys he takes, and all her doors unlocks,
Examines every cloſet, every box:
Tho' long he ſearch'd, his labours prov'd in vain;
Vex'd, he approaches CHLOE's bed again.
Well! ſir, ſaid ſhe, and is the poultry found.——
Look ſharp;—perhaps he's in the tea-pot drown'd.
No, traitreſs, no, the little *God* replies,
Within your breaſt the little *Rover* lies;——
Then ſearch and ſee;—I'll lay my boſom bare:—
With tranſport CUPID gaz'd, and preſs'd the *fair*.
The *fair*, unguarded, let his fingers rove
Too low, and touch'd the *Citadel* of *Love*.
Here, here's your *Bird*, mamma!—Ceaſe, ceaſe your grief;——
I feel his feathers,——CHLOE is the Thief.

SIMPLE

SIMPLE *SIMON:*

OR,

WHO WAS TO BLAME?

A TALE.

QUOTH SIMON to THOMAS, (and ſhew'd him his wife)
See THOMAS! ſee here! the delight of my life.
Look at her again!—Did you ever behold
Such ſweetneſs, enſhrin'd in ſo charming a mold?
For conjugal virtue ſhe never had peer;
To me, all engaging;—to others, ſevere.
But then to enjoy her! good Gods! ſuch a feaſt
Were fit for a monarch,—or even a prieſt.
Would ſhe but conſent, you ſhould taſte of the bliſs.—
This man's my acquaintance; SUE, grant him a kiſs.
SUE yielded; and THOMAS accepted the grace:
The huſband ſat by, and beheld the embrace;
Overjoy'd that his wife would ſo far condeſcend,
As to honour her ſpouſe, by obliging his friend.
How ſuddenly CUPID can poiſon impart!
It paſs'd thro' the lips, and it tickled the heart.
They ey'd one another with mutual good-will;
And SIMON commended his moiety ſtill.
Friend THOMAS, you'll viſit your neighbour again?
Your treatment ſhall always be hearty and plain.
From eleven 'till two I am daily at 'Change:
At any time elſe, ſir:—Pray, do not make ſtrange!

TOM

TOM promiſs'd: the bottle went once more about;
And then they moſt courteouſly lighted him out.
SUE added her compliments too at the door:
My huſband has mentioned the time, ſir, before:
From eleven 'till two he is never at home.——
I hope, ſir, you'll do us the honour to come.
TOM's word was repeated: the ſenſe of the promiſe
Appear'd in the eyes of both SUSAN and THOMAS.
But SIMON was blinded with love of the dame.—
And if SUSAN was viſited, "Who was to blame?

THE
MODERN JUDGE:
A TALE.

A Modern PAINTER had no peer:
His works were purchas'd far and near.
CLODIO, a mimic of the mode,
Whoſe wit was light, whoſe wealth a load,
Becauſe the man was mentioned ſo,
Would have ſome piece of his to ſhow.
He ſends. The Painter was at hand.
What Picture, ſir, would you demand?
CLODIO, in country notions nurſt,
Anſwer'd in brief, King CHARLES the firſt.
To paint a king was little more,
He thought, than 'twas to paint a door.
His future king the man deſigns,
And boldly traces out the lines:

The

The colours blend at his command;
And STUART roſe beneath his hand.
(With pious front and pointed beard
Th' anointed confeſſor appear'd.)
He made the kingly features ſtrike
With all the ſpirit of VANDYKE:
Then carefully retouch'd it thrice;
And twenty pieces were the price.

This Picture crown'd his numerous toils:
His former works to this were foils.
The finiſh'd labour throng'd his doors
With all the rival connoiſſeurs.
A price is bid by all who come,
And ſtill the laſt the largeſt ſum:
But virtue ſcorn'd the ſordid thought;
The work was his for whom 'twas wrought.

To CLODIO's door our artiſt came;
Knock'd; ſpoke with NAN; ſent up his Name.
My maſter's buſy, friend, to-day:
But leave your king, he bid me ſay;
And come to-morrow juſt at nine;
Or——about two, perhaps, he'll dine.

At nine next morn our man attends;
But finds that CLODIO and two friends
(As they the night before agreed)
Were gone to *Berwick* upon *Tweed*.
As for the Picture, there it hung:
Think how the Painter's ſoul was ſtung!
Think how he look'd, when by the maid
The ſenſe of CLODIO was diſplay'd!

My maſter likes your painting well;
And you'll do more: that I can tell.

He'll

He'll have himſelf, and parſon SABLE,
And juſtice BUNCH, behind our table,
Toſſing off bumpers of *October:*
(They muſt be drunk, and maſter ſober)
In madam's room he'll have that hung.
The mill that grinds old women young,
With JOSEPH's dream, and ADAM's fall,
Thoſe you muſt paint upon this wall.
Then maſter ſays, all under one,
He'll have the window-ſhutters done.
And that new kennel there for *Turk.*——
You'll have, I warr'nt, a fortnight's work.
Thy maſter, child, is wond'rous kind,
And thou haſt amply told his mind:
But wilt thou reach me down the piece
That I have done there? Surely, yes!
Pleas'd to receive his CHARLES again,
He tore it thro' with deep diſdain,
And caſt the fragments on the floor;
Then ſpoke this Fable at the door.
A SPIDER once ſo finely wrought,
That all the wiſer inſects bought.
Fame, fortune, friends, flow'd in, and made
Her work the ſtandard of her trade.
There was no faſhionable room,
Unhung with hangings from her loom.
In ſhort, the notion was embrac'd,
Who bought no tap'ſtry, had no taſte.
Shall mine, a gaudy CRICKET ſaid,
Be thought the only brainleſs head?
I'll have this weaver at my will.
He went. ARACHNE try'd her ſkill.

Tale

Tale after tale her web ſupplies,
Of inſect wars, and ſlaughter'd flies.
The curious ſwarm'd from ev'ry part,
And own'd her maſter-piece of art.
The ANTS propos'd to rid their homes,
The BEES of taſte, would clear their combs,
To purchaſe what, they all agreed,
She never match'd, nor could exceed.
By ſlow degrees the work advanc'd:
'Twas done: the value was enhanc'd.
She bore it home with conſcious pride,
And PALLAS once again defy'd.
Their eager eyes the judges caſt,
And envy'd GRYLLUS * as ſhe paſt:
GRYLLUS, who ſaw the work diſplay'd,
Then toſs'd his head, and coldly ſaid;
Your piece is wond'rous pretty dame:
Weave me a dozen of the ſame.
I'll hang your webs on ev'ry wall,
Down from my garret to my hall.
I ſhall not grudge the market-price.——
But ſee the reſt be wrought as nice!
The SPIDER ſwell'd at this diſgrace,
And rent her work before his face:
Aſham'd to ſhew that labour more,
So treated now, ſo prais'd before.
This ruin'd all her hopes: by this
She loſt her time, the world her piece.
Yet hence this maxim to the wiſe;
"The learn'd alone can learning prize."

* The Cricket.

The PAINTER in this rapturous mood
Sung, while the *Wench* attentive ſtood,
And thought the moments mighty long,
Till thus the bard made out his ſong.
Sweetheart, to thee, who may'ſt not reach
The noble truths my numbers teach,
Both deed and fable I'll explain.——
The CRICKET had thy maſter's brain;
There lies the web, of price ſo high;
The ſkilful Spider, child, am I;
Who wrought to pleaſe a wealthy fool,
That of no ſcience knows one rule,
And ſees no merit but in gold.——
When CLODIO comes, let this be told.

POETICAL KNIGHTHOOD.

To an Old SCHOOL-FELLOW.

AS ſhopmen notes in day-book firſt
The goods deliver'd out on truſt;
Where names promiſcuouſly are plac'd,
As this comes firſt, and that comes laſt;
From whence, at proper ſeaſons, he,
(Taught by the rule of A, B, C,)
Tranſcribes, in order, who bought what——
This page for one, for t'other that.
So I, who traffick in PARNASSUS,
And rhyme on moſt affairs that paſs us,

Secure

Secure in pocket always keep
Pen, ink, and Journal* bound in ſheep:
Nor time, nor form can make me doubt,
When fancy prompts, to take them out,
And ſave from death my infant labours,
Whether at home, or at ſome neighbour's.
So alſo (for the uſe ſhould be
Complex, when ſo the ſimile)
At proper times, in larger code,
My *Vade Mecum* I unload;
Digeſting into ſep'rate parts,
Tales, odes, epiſtles, flames and darts.——
And, as at CHRISTMAS, o'er his books
Th' aforeſaid honeſt tradeſman looks,
To ſee how ſtock in bus'neſs betters,
And write out bills upon his debtors;
When (after having choſe the beſt,
And ſhook his head at all the reſt)
He ſends, or goes himſelf, to catch
What ready money they will fetch.
So I, this morning, took a view
Of all my poems, old and new;
To weigh them with a critic ſpirit,
And uſe them juſt as they ſhould merit.
The flames demand the greateſt part;
Some few diſcover—ſome deſert;
Theſe to a friend I ſhew'd, and hinted
A mighty mind to have them printed.——
Why JACK, ſaid he, your thought is this,
I can't conceive it much amiſs:

* The Daily Journal, or Gentleman's Pocket-Book, printed for R. Baldwin.

Doubtleſs,

Doubtleſs, your friends would all be glad;
And, faith! my intereſt ſhould be had.——
But firſt, methinks, you ought to know
How much mankind is pleas'd with ſhow.
A riſing Poet, always writes
To dukes, lords, ladies, 'ſquires, or knights;
While you for ever uſe your pen
To DELIA, DAVID, JOHN, or BEN.
Theſe vulgar names are what I fear:
For ten to one the town will hear
That BENJAMIN's a country quaker,
And DELIA but a mantua-maker;
That DAVID in a cellar pent is,
And JOHN's an Oilman's greaſy 'prentice.
I left my friend without reply,
And went to PHOEBUS' court juſt by.
The god was but that minute up,
And ſcarce had drank his morning cup.
(To take a draught his conſtant courſe is,
While forth the HORÆ bring his horſes,
And fix them to their flaming chariot,
So bright—no mortal eye can bear it.)
Not many ceremonies paſt,
My perſon known, the god in haſte.
Speak quickly, friend, I muſt not ſtay:
The weſtern world expects the day.
Doſt thou not ſee how fair AURORA
Invites me on, and blames my * *Mora?*
(Note, with APOLLO 'tis no crime
To uſe that tongue which comes-in rhyme.)

* Delay.

As ſoon as man can anſwer make
To what ſuperior beings ſpeak,
I told him all I've here told you,
And humbly aſk'd him what to do.
Do? ſays APOLLO.——In my right,
Call BEN, my lord; make JOHN a knight:
Let DAVID ſhine a 'ſquire compleat:
Let DELIA keep her country ſeat.
Such words will give your writings ſtrength:——
You need not name their trades at length.
I made a bow, and home I came,
Brim full of joy, and ſacred flame;
Corrected all my poems thro',
And writ, beſides, this ſcroll to you:
(Aſſur'd no fellow in your plight would
Refuſe the dignity of Knighthood:)
This ſcroll, which from APOLLO brings
A title,—ſacred as from kings:
Conveying right for friends to teize ye
With, ſir—your worſhip—may it pleaſe ye!
Accept it then, without one more word,
And be Sir JOHN from this time forward.

THE
CRUEL SQUIRE;
OR,
Home *is* Home *however* Homely.

IN cot of mud, inſtead of brick,
Liv'd an old couple, NELL and DICK:
Hard they labour'd while they cou'd,
To reſt in age, when reſt they ſhou'd.
Their honeſt handy-work was ſped,
And DICK their only child was dead.
So, frugally, and not the beſt
They eat and drank, and took their reſt,
Not doubting but their ſtock would hold
Till the laſt ſheet around them roll'd.
No chimney-ſide but learn'd to tell
Strange tales of happy DICK and NELL.
To know the truth, one day the Squire
Call'd in and warm'd him at their fire;
Eat toaſted cheeſe, and drank ſome ale,
Not like his own, 'twas ſmall and ſtale.
But how it touch'd his ſoul to find,
In ſuch a pair, ſuch peace of mind!
Not touch'd him, as it ought, to raiſe,
At once, his wonder, and his praiſe;
Wonder that bliſs ſhould dwell ſo low,
And praiſe, that Heav'n ordain'd it ſo.

The marrow-piercing thought was this,
'Wealth pines! and poverty has bliſs!'
'My friends, quoth he, with artful guile,
'Thus age and honeſty ſhould ſmile.
'You lead your lives as ſweetly here,
'As I, with all I boaſt a year.
'Yet, if you'll come, and with me ſpend
'A month or ſo, my chaiſe I'll ſend;
'You ſhall be welcome, I proteſt,
'I would not wiſh a worthier gueſt.'
They knew not what to think or ſay,
But thank'd him, in their home-bred way.
'May-hap, ſaid NELL, the Squire's in joke.'
He vow'd he moſt ſincerely ſpoke;
And they ſhould find it. Home he went;
And chaiſe, indeed, next morning ſent.
Said NELL, 'The favour's vaſt and high!
'We dare no other than comply.'
Dick ſaid, 'We'll riſque it, NELL, d'ye ſee.
'Nay, what's the Squire to you, and me?'
A ſecond thought the firſt confutes,
So quick they don'd their Sunday ſuits,
And bowl'd away; dreſt at his door,
The Squire receiv'd them. When before,
To gueſts like theſe, was manſion wide?
The rooms had don'd their utmoſt pride;
The ſervants waited gay and thick,
To NELL, ſaid Madam, Sir, to DICK.
They din'd and ſupp'd, on twenty diſhes,
And lay——O far beyond their wiſhes!
Thus wore a weak, the ſquire ſo kind!
Alas! they knew not half his mind!

DICK was fatigu'd, and ſo was NELL.
Quoth DICK, 'I'll feign myſelf not well;
'Nor will the thing be feigning quite,
'I'm ſick at heart, and you're not right.'
Here wiſely, DICK, forbore to name
What NELL adviſ'd the day they came.
Mark this, upbraiding huſbands all;
A wife's paſt failings ne'er recal.
Their ſickneſs to the Squire they told,
Said, 'They might die, for they were old,
'And 'twas their wiſh, an't pleas'd the ſky,
'Where they had liv'd, in peace to die.'
The Squire agreed, but with a ſneer,
Cry'd, 'O you're diſcontented here!'
He ſped them going, but how pain'd,
That his vile end was yet ungain'd!
End ne'er was viler, for 'twas this,
To change his anguiſh for their bliſs.
This end he fancy'd muſt enſue,
If inſtant open'd on their view,
Scenes of gay affluence quite unknown,
Which pride would prompt to wiſh their own.
But pride was far from them; their end
Was juſt to live and not depend.
That night, ſaid DICK, as round the fire
They ſat, 'Heaven's bleſſing crown the Squire!
'But not his greatneſs to partake,
'Wou'd I this little cot forſake.
'Our ale beats all his ſparkling wine,
'For that the Squire's, and this is mine.
'There, when behind their maſter's back,
'Cou'd I command or TOM or JACK?

'No; this would laugh, and that would ſnigger,
'And cry, Good lack! that aukward figure!
'Here, when I pleaſe, to NELL I ſay,
'Do this, or that, and ſhe'll obey,
'Obey with ſuch concern to pleaſe,
'As eaſy, but when I'm at eaſe.
'And what I value more than life,
'NELL's all mine own! my all! my wife!
Quoth NELL, and round his neck ſhe flung
Her arms, 'I lov'd thee leſs when young!
'You're all to me! no more we'll roam!
'However homely, home is home.'
In this let men of fortune reſt,
That heav'n impow'rs them to be bleſt
For cots of mud, wiſh'd well or ill,
Whene'er they can be happy, will.
Still, ſtill may vice, to heav'ns high praiſe,
But cruſh herſelf, and virtue raiſe!

THE
INCHANTED CUP.
A TALE.

ALL *plagues* are *jokes*, the learned tell us,
Compar'd with thoſe that ſting the *jealous*;
Imagine ſome *ſurmiſing* ſot,
Who thinks all nature's in a plot;
And lets his brain out at a venture,
To each *ſuſpicion* that will enter:

What

What joys has he to raiſe his ſpirits?
Why, truly, none, for none he merits;
A tranſient tinkling in his ears
Awakes a family of fears;
His *dreams* diſcloſe his wanton ſpouſe
Preparing branches for his brows;
His *dreams?* —— But hark ye, who can ſwear
That he has any to his ſhare?
Your obſervation's juſt and deep,
For *dreams* muſt needs reſult from *ſleep*;
But *ſleep*, I doubt, is not ſo dull
To quarter in a *jealous* ſkull;
But muſt in calmer manſions reign
And dreads all hubbubs in the brain.
Our *wretch* reſolves his *reſt* to cheat,
To be *a Cuckold in conceit*;*
Which is, to all intents, as good,
As were he *one* in *fleſh* and *blood*.
Give me, *poor creatures*, ſome relation
Of this ſame monſter, *Cornutation*;
Say, does it blaſt your corn or hops,
Or drive your dealers from your ſhops?
Or will it cauſe a ſore or blind eye,
Diſtreſs your cows, or make your ſwine die?
What is it but a frail offence,
That's juſtly ſcorn'd by men of ſenſe?
A *badge* which thoſe of rank and faſhion
Can wear without a moment's paſſion.

* MOLIERE has wrote a play under this title, *viz.* *Le Cocu Imaginaire.*

Since *Cuckoldom*'s a thing of courſe,
They're glad that matters are no worſe.
Learn then to live, in HYMEN's fetters,
Like beaux, and lords, and men of letters;
Be unſuſpicious, calm and cool,
Nor imitate that curious fool,
Who ſnatcht up the *Inchanted Cup*,
And vainly try'd to take a ſup;
The *Tale* affords you good advice,
And you ſhall hear it in a trice.
But firſt, I have ſome inclination
To treat you with a demonſtration,
That the diſaſter you deplore
Is all ideal and no more.
Can you perceive, with all your dread,
Your hat grow painful to your head?
Whate'er your Lady may endeavour,
Are not your brows as ſmooth as ever?
She grants, without conſulting you,
Some *favours* to a friend or two;
What then? the *premiſes* explore,
You'll find 'em as they were before:
Can you diſcover that her freaks
E'er ſteal the roſes from her cheeks?
Or on her breaſt, are you ſo ſilly
To think you miſs the blended lilly?
Your rival, having wander'd round 'em,
Leaves all her beauties as he found 'em;
And ſince her perſon is no worſe,
I count not *Cuckoldom* a curſe.
Ah! but my honour, you reply,
That's a nice point! and ſo ſay I.

But mark how your good ſenſe miſcarries,
Rome's honour is a jeſt at *Paris*.
Your grave *French* Cuckold is a ſight,
Let him but laugh, he's then polite.
Take things but true, I'll lay my purſe,
You'll own that *Cuckoldom*'s no curſe.
But can you urge it as a bleſſing?
I will, as faſt as words can preſs in;
And firſt, you'll find your ſpouſe will prove
As ſoft and ſupple as a glove;
And then for miſtreſſes, you may
Have *twenty* if you can but pay;
And not a mortal of fine breeding
Will e'er complain of your proceeding.
In *converſation* when you join,
You always will be ſure to ſhine;
Delight will her gay mien aſſume,
And peals of mirth ring round the room.
Your place will be advanc'd, at feaſts,
Pre-eminent above the gueſts;
And your diſtinguith'd plate be ſtor'd,
With the firſt honours of the board.
At play, your oppoſite will chuſe,
In meer regard to you, to loſe;
He'll ſeem to think on other things,
Diſcard his *Aces* and his *Kings*;
Miſreckon and forget *Repiques*, *
That you may ſweep the ſhining ſtakes.
From hence, I've reaſon in confeſſing
That *Cuckoldom's a conſtant bleſſing*.

* The *Game* of *Picquet*.

I add

I add too, but without detraction,
It keeps your ſpouſe in breathing action;
Retouches her unfiniſh'd charms,
And ſtill refits her for your arms.
Bright HELLEN ſeem'd to MENELAUS,
Like a meer mawkin of the playhouſe,
'Till PARIS made the *fair* his prize,
And open'd the dull *huſband*'s eyes:
And now, ſir, I am rightly gueſſing,
I've prov'd this *Cuckoldom a bleſſing*.

You'll ſay my *Prologue* grows prolix,
And all theſe lines might ſhrink to ſix.
No; for the ſubject, at that rate,
Would loſe, in brevity, its weight;
I think this plea may here avail,
And now we enter on the *Tale*.

A Knight there was, but I've forgot
His country,—Pſhaw, it matters not;
As to his fortune and his name ——
My memory is ſtill to blame;
But ſlips like theſe no candour need,
So, with permiſſion, I'll proceed.

This worthy wight did always dread
Some foul play in the *Marriage-bed*;
And ſagely, therefore, did intend
To ſingle out ſome female friend,
Who thought, like him, that CUPID's feaſt
Needed no bleſſing from a prieſt.
He lik'd the ſounds, dear nymph, my life,
Or any other words but wife:
But whether reaſon was his guide,
Let others, if they pleaſe, decide.

Poor

Poor HYMEN, as hiſtorians write,
Could ne'er find favour in his ſight;
And having ſuffer'd this diſgrace,
CUPID ſucceeded in his place.
The *Knight* committed to his care
The forming of his *bill of fare*;
Bid him ſelect his beſt delights,
His kindeſt days and ſofteſt nights,
With all the tranſports worth his culling,
Which he beſtows unleſs he's ſullen.
The little godſhip lik'd the office,
And meant to prove himſelf no novice;
Reſum'd his old decoying trade,
And quickly gain'd a tender maid;
Then brought her, in her blooming charms,
Obſequious to his maſter's arms;
And ſoon a female babe diſcovers,
How matters paſt between the lovers.
But all our joys and pleaſures here,
Are frail, alas! and inſincere;
Fate did the new-born infant ſave,
But laid the mother in the grave;
The Knight was deaf to conſolation,
At this untimely ſeparation;
Wiſh'd he had worn the nuptial fetter,
That he might bear his grief the better;
Huſbands ne'er call for duſt and ſackcloth,
Their ſorrows are ſuffic'd with black-cloth;
But he, whate'er his friends could ſay,
Mourn'd in the patriarchal way;
'Till time that ſoften's ev'ry croſs,
Had reconcil'd him to his loſs.

His

His ſprightly Daughter now appears
In the gay bloom of youthful years;
When prudent miſſes firſt diſcover,
Babies are trifles to a lover;
The heaving lawn that veil'd her breaſt,
Shew'd ſomething panted to be preſt;
She fancy'd ſhe could now ſurmiſe
The ſparkling power of radiant eyes;
She thought a lilly hand no harm,
A found a uſe for ev'ry charm.

The Knight, in his paternal fears,
Thought her too knowing for her years;
And ſaw, by ev'ry air ſhe play'd,
Of what materials ſhe was made:
He fear'd ſhe'd hurry love's laſt farce on,
Without the ſanction of a parſon;
And knew ſome beaux, among the laymen,
Who hated HYMEN's formal *Amen*;
Which often palls and ſtrangely harms
A lady's preſent of her charms.

Revolving this with timely care,
He in a convent fix'd the fair;
And e'er a fortnight's round was run,
She ply'd her needle like a nun;
Her books, from end to the beginning,
Set forth the ſinfulneſs of ſinning;
She ne'er indulg'd a recreation,
That could endanger her ſalvation;
But choſe the moſt auſtere reſtraints,
And ſpoke the language of the ſaints;
In diſputation ſhe could fiſh up
Such thoughts as would have pos'd a biſhop.

If

If any of her ſiſters ſaid,
CALISTA, you're a lovely maid;
For ſhame! cry'd our religious laſs,
Sure you forget all fleſh is graſs;
The beauty of each blooming ſinner,
Will ſoon give church-yard worms a dinner;
The faireſt features of the face
Are vanity, compar'd with grace.
This was the bright CALISTA's notion,
In things relating to devotion;
But as to convent manufactures,
CLOTHO ne'er ſpun with fewer fractures;
As to rich works of bold embroid'ry,
Ev'n PALLAS was, to her, but tawdry;
Then as to tap'ſtry, proud ARACHNE
Could ſcarce deſerve to be her hackney.
Her charms, her wiſdom and eſtate
Brought many ſuitors to the grate;
She only lodg'd in that ſame houſe,
'Till ſhe was fit to chuſe a ſpouſe;
And then her father gave direction,
That ſhe ſhould make her own election.
CALISTA having gain'd the key
That open'd into liberty,
Began to ponder, at her leiſure,
The wide extreams of pray'r and pleaſure;
Rich coats, fine wigs, and little ſenſe
To the fair virgin made pretence,
Directors, aldermen, and great men,
Attornies, and ſuch under rate men,
Ev'n poets by their muſe were led,
To tempt her to the bridal bed.

The fair one, in this groupe of lovers,
At laſt a pleaſing youth diſcovers;
His perſon ſuch as might proclaim
He merited the brighteſt dame;
The kind CALISTA, for her part,
Imagin'd he deſerv'd her heart;
And VENUS had diſpos'd the Knight
To think his daughter judg'd aright.
All parties now, with friendly mind,
Preliminary Parchments ſign'd;
The Vicar then the contract bleſs'd,
And left the pair to do the reſt.
What can the nuptial joys diſparage,
When love's the motive to the marriage?
This couple, by their mutual paſſion,
Brought matrimony into faſhion;
And prov'd, a while, that man and wife
May act ſome pleaſing ſcenes in life.
Two years in Paradiſe they paſs'd,
But SATAN ſaunter'd in, at laſt,
And whiſper'd in the huſband's ear,
A black harangue of jealous fear;
Told him he was an eaſy ſot,
And that his wife was God knows what.
Our ſpouſe, who was not over wiſe,
Believ d old BELZEE's naviſh lies;
To ſmoak his rival he began,
And ſwore ERASTUS was the man,
Who, but for our good miſchief-maker,
Had been as harmleſs as a Quaker.
What ſhould a huſband do when beaux
Conſpire againſt his dear repoſe?

What ſhould he do? Why let him laugh man,
He knows a beau is but a half-man;
But ſhould the lady like the trifle —
Ev'n then he ſhould not lead his life ill:
Let him a peaceful temper keep,
Be careleſs or contrive to ſleep;
For no precautions will avail
If ſhe's determin'd to be frail.
But ſhould the faithful dame deſpiſe him,
Your jealouſy may make her prize him.
Wherever ſuch ſuſpicions come,
They bring their old friend *Cuckoldom*.
STREPHON (for ſo we call the youth)
Ne'er dreamt of this important truth;
And we both pity and excuſe him,
Since wicked counſels did abuſe him; —
From whom did thoſe bad counſels flow?
Have patience, friend, and you ſhall know.
NEREA flouriſh'd in that age,
A fam'd Inchantreſs, and ſo ſage,
CIRCE ſcarce knew, with all her ſtir,
Hell's horn-book, if compar'd with her.
The whirlwinds did her pay receive,
And durſt not roar without her leave;
She handcuff'd FATE, and had the grace
To burn his book before his face;
The ſcented ZEPHYRS were her pages,
Ev'n ſurly BOREAS took her wages,
And laugh'd when ſhiv'ring mortals curſt her.
For letting him ſo often bluſter.
CUPID, whoſe power is oft ſo tragic,
Alone eluded all her magic;

STREPHON

STREPHON had ſuch enſnaring charms,
She wiſh'd to wanton in his arms;
And did, by her warm paſſion prove,
Ev'n *Witches* were the chains of love.
Had ſhe but languiſh'd for a kiſs,
Or ſome ſlight reputable bliſs,
The youth had to her will been won,
But ſhe muſt needs have all, or none;
And he would ſooner loſe his life,
Then prove perfidious to his wife.
Ah! where are ſuch chaſte huſbands now?
Who keeps like him the marriage vow!
The race of ſuch good men I fear
Is loſt, and will no more appear.
And for the eaſe of my affliction,
I'll hope this Tale is all a fiction.
NEREA, piqu'd at his evaſions,
Call'd in the aid of incantations;
Sought love receipts thro' earth and ſea,
And gave him *Philters* in his tea;
But ſtill was croſs'd in each endeavour,
For he remain'd as cold as ever;
STREPHON oppos'd his nuptial duty,
To all her arts and tempting beauty.
The *fair one* was confounded quite
At this repulſe, and well ſhe might;
STREPHON, ſaid ſhe, you grace your vows,
And make a moſt heroic ſpouſe;
A marry'd man and not licentious!
Sure you are ſtrangely conſcientious!
'Tis what I ne'er could have ſuſpected,
But how does madam ſtand affected?

Suppoſe,

Suppoſe, for inſtance, ſhe ſhould part
With ſome ſmall pittance of her heart,
To one who loves to be in action,
And ſighs and dreſſes to diſtraction;
You huſbands ought to be afraid
Of youthful rivals in brocade;
And would you not, in ſuch a caſe,
Abate ſome rigours of your grace?
At leaſt, it will be right in you,
To try if your fair ſpouſe is true.
ERASTUS, all the neighbours ſay,
Viſits CALISTA twice a day;
ERASTUS is my friend, ſaid STREPHON,
And he can never put the thief on;
And ſhould ſhe wear ſome frailties on her,
Yet he's too much a *man of honour* ——
Well, ſays NEREA with a ſmile,
I'll think, with you, they're void of guile;
I like your unſuſpecting ſpirit,
Tho' ſhe has charms and he has merit;
Yet beauty may be free from ſtain,
And merit is not always vain.
These little ſmart inſinuations,
Gave STREPHON ſome ſmall perturbations;
To truſt a gay and beauteous wife,
In all the fire of youth and life;
Admiring much a certain ſport
Much practis'd both in town and court;
I ſay, to truſt her with a ſpark,
Who had ſo long been CUPID's clerk;
O STREPHON, what haſt thou been doing!
Thy indolence will be thy ruin;

A friend! the very name's a jeſt,
Young beauty will ſeduce a prieſt.
Should the fair wanton deign to ſhow
A wicked breaſt of panting ſnow;
Diſplay a whiter arm to view
Than e'er APELLES' pencil drew;
Or in the milk-white ſheets diſcloſe
A ſhape which VENUS might have choſe;
With looks that in love's language ſpeak
A welcome to whate'er you'll take;
Ev'n SCIPIO's boaſted virtue might
Take to its heels at ſuch a ſight.
  Theſe thoughts, as we together link 'em,
Came on as faſt as he could think 'em:
And he on theſe diſcreet foundations,
Rais'd ſuitable imaginations.
NEREA, you may think in courſe,
Trac'd all his muſings to their ſource;
And to convince him he had reaſon
To tax his wife with nuptial treaſon,
She recommended to the youth,
To make this trial of her truth.
  His face ſhe ſprinkled with a liquor,
Which, in a moment's time or quicker,
Gave him the voice, the air, the eyes
Of young ERASTUS, and his ſize.
This juice when it had work'd and fretted,
Wrought miracles where-e'er it wetted;
The artiſt in her occupation,
Call'd it *the drops of tranſformation.*
  Our huſband, in his new diſguiſe,
Soon to his houſe impatient flies

To try the virtue of his wife,
And play'd ERASTUS to the life.
  Madam, ſays STREPHON, you diſplay
A moſt inchanting air to day;
By all that's ſoft in love I ſwear
The fragrant ſpring's not half ſo fair;
CUPID complains of you, and cries
You've all his weapons in your eyes;
And ſays, tho' he ſhould break his heart,
You will not truſt him with a dart.
  CALISTA, vers'd in lovers wiles,
Receiv'd his compliment with ſmiles;
O ſir, ſays ſhe, I may reply,
That you can ſteal as well as I;
APOLLO ſays his *Harp* is hung
On your monopolizing tongue;
The MUSES make ſtrange work about it,
And cry they cannot ſing without it;
It ſomething unpolite appears,
To leave *Parnaſſus* thus in tears.
  Our STREPHON, at this lively foil,
Diverſify'd his artful ſtyle;
In ſighs and tears expreſs'd his pain,
But ſighs and tears were all in vain;
CALISTA ſtood their utmoſt ſhock,
As ſteady as a marble rock.
  Pleas'd with her uncomplying mien,
He now play'd off his laſt machine;
Before the fair one's face he told
A heap of all-perſuaſive gold;
The proffer'd ſum was ſo immenſe,
CALISTA thought he utter'd ſenſe;

And found it a commodious ſeaſon,
To liſten to ſuch ſpecious reaſon.
What chaſtity can long remain
Impregnable to potent gain?
CALISTA was prepar'd to yield,
Had STREPHON wiſh'd to win the field;
He found his glitt'ring gifts prevail,
For when does that bleſs'd metal fail?
What tho' you ſhine among the beaux,
Wear wigs that wave in flaxen flows;
Have features for ADONIS fit,
And rally like the god of wit;
Some gouty clerk of the finances,
Will ſoon attract your fair one's glances;
And to his coach with hobbling pace,
Will lead her off before your face.
Gold, if there's truth in this our Tale,
Induc'd CALISTA to be frail;
The youth receiv'd, in previous kiſſes,
The earneſt of her venal bliſſes,
And thought it proper for his peace,
The ſcene ſhould with thoſe ſymptoms ceaſe.
The huſband's form he now reſum'd,
And anguiſh in his aſpect gloom'd;
Ingrate! he cry'd, inhuman wife!
To me once dearer than my life;
Are all thy vows and virtue ſold
So meanly for ſeducing gold?
Juſtice to thee could I diſpenſe,
Death ſhould avenge thy baſe offence;
But love does all my rage controul,
And breathes ſuch pity in my ſoul,

Thy

Thy blood my hands ſhall never ſtain,
My death alone ſhall end my pain.
  This transformation fill'd the fair
With equal wonder and deſpair;
Her bluſhing guilt and trembling fears,
Had no reply but ſighs and tears.
  STREPHON ſome days in private ſpent,
To canvaſs o'er this ſad event;
Thought he, my wife's good will, 'tis true,
Was not remiſs, but will that do?
Can meer intention in the ſpouſe
Fix anlets on the huſband's brows?
  NEREA, conſcious of his doubt,
Appear'd inclin'd to help him out;
Drink you of this ſame cup, ſhe cry'd,
The buſineſs it will ſoon decide;
It has been form'd with ſo much ſkill,
Cuckolds alone the liquor ſpill;
And 'tis the conſtant fate of thoſe,
To drench their beards, and ſtain their cloaths.
  STREPHON, his ſcruples now to clear
Seiz'd the long pitcher by the ear;
And ſoon, without one breathing ſtop,
He drain'd it dry, nor ſhed a drop.
This is ſome comfort, ſure, he cries,
And yet 'tis what I ſhould deſpiſe;
Becauſe my kind CALISTA would
Have dubb'd me Cuckold if ſhe could.
  Our ſpouſe now led a reſtleſs life,
And preach'd ſtrange lectures to his wife;
A guard of ſpies around her ſet,
And chang'd her ſoon to a coquet;

A wife from all gallants debarr'd,
Begins to think that uſage hard;
And will be vigilant to gain
The fops ſhe did, till then, diſdain.
Poor STREPHON's brain was finely deckt
With all the whims he could collect;
From calm repoſe he now retreated,
As if he dreaded much to meet it;
Each hour he viſited the cup,
And took th' experimental ſup;
Still madam had no ſtains upon her,
And for eight days he quaff'd with honour;
When ah! at laſt, the fatal pot
Caſcaded copious on the ſot!
Who juſtly gain'd, by this conviction,
Compleat credentials for affliction.
Now poor CALISTA liv'd alone,
Secluded in a tower of ſtone;
Where STREPHON vow'd his penſive wife
Should waſte in tears her bloom of life;
Each Ev'ning he reſorted there,
Reproach'd the ſad ſequeſter'd fair,
And told her neither tears nor time
Should e'er extenuate her crime.
One night, at laſt, his vital frame
Rekindled with his former flame;
Her charms with his diſhonour ſtrove,
And he relented into love.
CALISTA, as ſome authors tell,
Improv'd thoſe tender moments well;
Reacted o'er each female art,
To mollify her huſband's heart,

My

My lovely STREPHON, cries the dame,
My conduct no excuſe can claim;
But tho' I have been led aſtray,
I'm not peculiar in my way,
Our ſex, of old, and down to this day,
Were frail from EVE to poor CALISTA;
And ſince, my deareſt, your diſgrace
Was always thought a common caſe,
Why ſhould my firſt offence, tho' great,
Such anguiſh in your ſoul create?
Madam, ſays STREPHON, as I live,
You reaſon well, and I'll forgive,
The moment I can chance to ſee
So many in a claſs with me,
As would, if they were muſter'd, yield
A royal army for the field;
Perhaps my ſhame-diſcloſing cup
May quickly make the number up;
All my complaints ſhall then be ceas'd,
And you, my dear, ſhall be releas'd.
Our ſpouſe, his project to compleat,
Choſe for the ſcene his country ſeat,
Kept open houſe, and daily preſt
Each paſſenger to be his gueſt,
And ſoon as the repaſt was clos'd,
The cup's probation was propos'd.
My friends, ſaid STREPHON, 'tis my fate
To have a fair inconſtant mate,
Who lately has her youthful charms
Surrender'd to a rival's arms;
And ſhou'd you now incline to know
If your kind wives have ſerv'd you ſo,

(As moſt wiſe huſbands, when they roam
Would learn how matters go at home)
Take this ſame cup, and if your ſpouſe
Has chaſtly kept her marriage vows,
The liquor in the proof will pleaſe,
And you may drink it all with eaſe;
But if your name has chanc'd to ſtroll
To COMMISSARY VULCAN'S roll,
The wine will ſpout around the brim,
And make you in a pretty trim.
STREPHON to all propos'd the trial,
And none could think of a denial;
But theſe, the moment they began,
Were all beſlabber'd to a man;
You'd hear ſome mutter in the gizzard,
And curſe the cup-inchanting wizzard;
Whilſt others, cozen'd in their quaff,
Would gallantly lead up the laugh.
The army thicken'd faſt, and grew
Fit for a general review;
The troops from ev'ry quarter come,
Without the warning beat of drum;
Each ſoldier of this mighty hoſt
Was ſtation'd in a proper poſt.
Thoſe whom their wives but once did dupe,
Were infantry, a comely troop;
But thoſe whoſe dames had leſs remorſe,
Form'd the battalions of the horſe;
Others, who met with more diſaſters,
Were conſtituted quarter-maſters;
Each alderman, ſwore he'd complain on't,
Were he not prickt for a lieutenant;

A weakly cuckold, juſtly clapt in
His privilege to be a captain;
But thoſe whoſe wives could ſcarce repent,
Were colonels of a regiment;
And few but a lord-mayor could boaſt
Prerogative to head the hoſt.

Whilſt theſe pretenſions were deciding,
RINALDO by the houſe came riding;
And STREPHON, who beheld him paſs,
Invited him to take a glaſs.

Quoth he, ſir, if I gueſs at all,
You're fit to be our general;
Then told him what was the probation,
And left him to his inclination.

O! cries RINALDO, ſpare your haſte,
I think my wife extremely chaſte;
And in that conjugal ſurmiſe
Can ſleep each night with both my eyes;
But ſhould my arm be now unſteady,
Or ſhould your wine but make me heady,
I might in this attempt to drink,
Be much a fool, whate'er you think.

SREPHON, at this, did ſilence call, —
This Knight is wiſer than us all;
But ſtill our troops in numbers yield,
To none who dare to take the field.
The army now was ſo increas'd,
That fair CALISTA was releas'd.

Ye huſbands, whoſe ſuſpicions plod ill,
O! take RINALDO for your model;
Had he once drank, perhaps his poſt
Had been commander of the hoſt;
Ev'n CHARLEMAIN himſelf had been
To blame had he been *taken in*.

DESIRE and POSSESSION.

A TALE.

'TIS ſtrange, what diff'rent thoughts inſpire
In man, *Poſſeſſion* and *Deſire*;
Think what they wiſh ſo great a bleſſing,
So diſappointed when poſſeſſing.
A Moraliſt profoundly ſage,
I know not in what book or page,
Or, whether o'er a pot of ale,
Related thus the following Tale.
Poſſeſſion and *Deſire*, his brother,
But ſtill at variance with each other,
Were ſeen contending in a race;
And kept, at firſt, an equal pace:
'Tis ſaid, their courſe continu'd long;
For, this was active, that was ſtrong;
Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
Miſled them many a league about.
Seduc'd by ſome deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right.
Through ſlipp'ry bye-roads, dark and deep,
They often climb, and oft'ner creep.
Deſire, the ſwifter of the two,
Along the plain like lightning flew;
Till entring on a broad highway,
Where *Power* and *Titles* ſcatter'd lay,
He ſtrove to pick up all he found,
And by excurſions loſt his ground;

No

No ſooner got, than with diſdain
He threw them on the ground again;
And haſted forward to purſue
Freſh objects fairer to his view,
In hope to ſpring ſome nobler game;
But, all he took was juſt the ſame:
Too ſcornful now to ſtop his pace,
He ſpurn'd them in his rival's face.
Poſſeſſion kept the beaten road,
And gather'd all his brother ſtrow'd;
But overcharg'd, and out of wind,
Though ſtrong in limbs he lagg'd behind.
Deſire had now the goal in ſight:
It was a tow'r of monſtrous height,
Where, on the ſummit, *Fortune* ſtands:
A crown and ſcepter in her hands,
Beneath a chaſm as deep as hell,
Where many a bold advent'rer fell.
Deſire, in rapture gaz'd awhile,
And ſaw the treach'rous goddeſs ſmile;
But, as he climb'd to graſp the crown,
She knockt him with the ſceptre down.
He tumbl'd in the gulph profound;
There doom'd to whirl an endleſs round.
Poſſeſſion's load was grown ſo great,
He ſunk beneath the cumb'rous weight;
And, as he now expiring lay,
Flocks ev'ry ominous bird of prey;
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcaſe light,
And ſtrip his hyde, and pick his bones,
Regardleſs of his dying groans.

THE

THE ELBOW-CHAIR.

A TALE.

FOLKS that are wickedly inclin'd,
To modes of vice are not confin'd.
Sir SIMON with his glaſs gets drunk:
His butler ſucks it thro' a trunk.
So women of the town reſort
As well to *Paul*'s, as to the court.
'Tis not the inſtrument, or place,
But only people's want of grace.
To ſet his thought in proper light,
One ſhort example I'll recite.
Dear *Querno* pardon, if to thee
Of little uſe my tale ſhould be;
Who know'ſt of ſinning faſhions plenty,
And for one tale, canſt tell me twenty.
Sir RALPH, a debauchee of fame,
Had almoſt waſted all his flame;
Which tho' his helpmeat found too true,
His am'rous caſt ſo well ſhe knew,
That ſhe was ne'ertheleſs afraid
He'd ſtill be piddling with her maid.
A mind, ſhe thought, ſo us'd to roam,
Would ramble ſtill, tho' nearer home:
And therefore, to prevent him there,
She always took peculiar care,

That,

That, whatſoever BETTY did,
They ne'er ſhould meet too near a bed.
The curſed bed was all ſhe fear'd;
Of other engine ſhe ne'er heard.
No viſit would CAUTILLA pay,
No pleaſure take, by night or day;
But all the beds were made before,
And ſhe lock'd ev'ry chamber-door.
Her dreſſing-room ſhe never heeded;
There they might go for what they needed:
Nay, ſhe could truſt them any where,
Provided ſtill—no bed was near.
Then, as all humankind is frail,
And the moſt watchful once may fail;
As all we do may fruitleſs prove,
Without a bleſſing from above;
She daily, at her Elbow-Chair,
Put up for him a ſep'rate prayer,
That heav'n would pleaſe to turn his heart,
And make him from the fleſh depart.
Nor did ſhe miſs, at proper times,
To blacken all bad women's crimes;
And very gravely talk to BETTY
(Who, by the way, was young and pretty)
Of chaſtity, and what a ſhame
It was for maids to do *that ſame*.
Here, were my narrative compleat,
Much might my friends expect to meet:
Deſcription of Sir RALPHO's batteries,
As preſents, vows, intrigues, and flatteries;
How BETTY came at laſt to yield;
How long his worſhip kept the field.

Strange epiſodes might thus be rais'd,
More to be wonder'd at, than prais'd.
Shall we then lengthen out our matter,
Or end our tale?—I think, the latter.
The pious always can't prevail;
Temptation's ſtrong, and fleſh is frail:
In vain are all CAUTILLA's cares;
In vain her precepts, and her pray'rs:
BETTY grows fat, or elſe 'tis worſe;
CAUTILLA taxes her—of courſe.
What! BETTY, has your maſter done it?—
Yes! BETTY's tears and tremblings own it.—
Thou beaſtly baggage, how came this?
Upon what bed, pray, did you kiſs?
Speak huſſey! Where had you the key?
When did he do it? ſpeak, I ſay!
You lie with men, you ſlut you! fie!—
I never did.——Strumpet, you lye!—
No;—I was ſitting.——Sitting! where?—
Dear madam, in your Elbow-Chair.—
I hope the maxims here maintain'd,
Are now both ſtrengthen'd and explain'd.
Could any human means avail,
In what did poor CAUTILLA fail?
You'll ſay, ſhe might have taken care,
And not have left her Elbow-Chair.
What then? was there no method more?
Pray, could ſhe take away the floor?
Friend, had ſhe known as much as you,
I'll warrant they'd have made it do:
You have, perhaps, a wiſer wife;
Did you ne'er cheat her in your life?

Sauntring

Sauntring JACK and Idle JOAN.

INTERR'D beneath this marble ſtone,
Lie ſauntring JACK, and idle JOAN.
While rolling threeſcore years and one,
Did round this globe their courſes run;
If human things went ill or well;
If changing empires roſe or fell;
The morning paſt, the evening came,
And found this couple ſtill the ſame.
They walk'd and eat, good folks: what then?
Why then they walk'd, and eat again:
They ſoundly ſlept the night away,
They juſt did nothing all the day:
And having bury'd children four,
Wou'd not take pains to try for more.
Nor ſiſter either had, nor brother;
They ſeem'd juſt tally'd for each other.
Their moral and œconomy
Moſt perfectly they made agree:
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor treſpaſs'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame, nor cenſure they regarded:
They neither puniſh'd, nor rewarded.
He car'd not what the footmen did:
Her maids ſhe neither prais'd, nor chid:
So ev'ry ſervant took his courſe;
And bad at firſt, they all grew worſe.
Slothful diſorder fill'd his Stable;
And ſluttiſh plenty deck'd her table.

Their

Their beer was ſtrong; their wine was *port*;
Their meal was large; their grace was ſhort.
They gave the poor the remnant-meat,
Juſt when it grew not fit to eat.

They paid the church and pariſh rate;
And took, but read not the receit:
For which they claim their *Sunday*'s due,
Of ſlumb'ring in an upper pew.

No man's defects ſought they to know;
So never made themſelves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend;
So never rais'd themſelves a friend.

They neither added, nor confounded:
They neither wanted, nor abounded.
Each *Chriſtmas* they accompts did clear;
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor tear, nor ſmile did they imploy,
At news of public grief, or joy.
When bells were rung, and bonfires made;
If aſk'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid:
Their jug was to the ringer carry'd;
Whoever either dy'd, or marry'd.
Their billet at the fire was found;
Whoever was depos'd, or crown'd.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wiſe
They wou'd not learn, nor cou'd adviſe:
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of——as it were:
Nor wiſh'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cry'd;
And ſo they liv'd, and ſo they dy'd.

FINIS.

Harding E 183